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The BYSTANDER.

Art, Literature & the Drama.

No. 147.—Vol. XI. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, September 26, 1906 [Price 6d. By Post, 6½d.

Photo *Lafayette, Dublin*

MRS. HALL WALKER

Winner of the prize for golf presented by the King at Marienbad. Her husband is the well-known owner of the race-horse Black Arrow

No. 147.—Vol. XI.

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The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short satirical and witty sketches, not exceeding 1,000 words, will be considered, but no fiction unless it can be included in our "Worldly" Series, and readers are, therefore, begged to study these stories before submitting MSS. Articles (with photographs) of events on the Continent and in the Colonies are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

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"The Call of the Blood." By Robert Hichens. (Methuen: 6*s.*)
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"The Secret Life." (John Lane: 6*s.*)
"The Fairy Godmother-in-Law." By Oliver Herford. (Bickers: 3*s.* 6*d.*)
"His Other Self." By R. W. Cole. (Greening: 6*s.*)
"The Balance." By Gordon C. Whadcoat. (Greening: 6*s.*)
"Summer Days." By Vernon Nott. (Greening.)
"The Serf." By G. Ranger-Gull. (Greening: 6*d.*)
"Listener's Cure." By E. V. Lucas. (Methuen: 6*s.*)
"The Woman in Black." By M. Y. Halidom. (Greening: 6*s.*)
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TO

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NOTICE.—Paris Office, 24, Cité Trevise, where all orders for Continental Subscriptions, Advertisements, and Electros should be addressed.

POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom ½*d.* per copy, irrespective of weight. To any other part of the world the rate would be ½*d.* FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH AND STAMP correctly all copies so forwarded.

Bystander Comments

To London Town from Babylon
The pageant of the world goes by!
For you, for you, I pause and con
A Stander-By

London: Wednesday
September 26, 1906

A Definition

Motorist——The modern [S]centaur.

* * *

President Roosevelt's dispatch to the Cubans was not attended to so promptly as was expected, owing to the delay occasioned in Havana by translating it first into English and then into Spanish.

* * *

Prince George's persistent resignations of the Governorship of Crete—another of which happened last week—give rise to an impression that, at some future date, His Royal Highness may think of vacating that position.

"Well, cook, and how is the groom to-day?"
"Thank you, mum, his temperament is perfectly moral this morning"

* * *

The German specialist, Dr. Bier, has taken up residence at Yildiz during the Sultan's illness. We trust that, despite the ominous suggestiveness of his name, his remedies will prove effective.

* * *

"Are Society women frivolous?" asks the inevitable Dr. Emil Reich in a Scottish sheet. If the Doctor can't find anything worse than this against Society women, he had better get back to Hungary, and leave the business to Father Vaughan and Miss Corelli. Sin-trouncing is, at any rate, not a trade at which foreigners can give us any points at all.

* * *

Defending Mr. Cyril Maude's garb in his present play at the Haymarket, the *Tailor and Cutter* opines that *Toddles* would be shorn of much of its amusement if the pyjamas were discarded. On the other hand, some people might think that the piece would be even funnier were this done, but the County Council is not, we imagine, among their number.

* * *

We cordially support the *Medical Press and Circular* in their condemnation of the insanitary practice of using postage-stamps as sticking-plaster. After shaving, we ourselves always use hotel-labels.

* * *

Another Civic visit to Paris is *sur le tapis*, and we anticipate that there will be keen competition there for the position of *Reine des Halles*.

* * *

The Rev. Forbes Phillips, of Gorleston, has, after many attempts, at last done something theatrical and made a hit. He shot a burglar outside his church one night last week.

* * *

There were two adjacent carts in Fleet Street one day last week. The one contained a cargo which was labelled, in lurid red, "Five miles of paper for the *Daily* ——"; on the other was painted the simple legend "Kidd and Co." An accident, perhaps, but not without its suggestive humour.

* * *

By the way, if the paper on that cart had been unrolled and laid out flat, one would be able to walk from Charing Cross to—well, Tooting on the *Daily* ——. I can imagine that the prospect of doing this (with a particularly muddy pair of boots) would greatly please quite a number of people.

* * *

My Chauffeur

Who, ever sitting by my side,
Spoils all my pleasurable pride
When in my new Panhard I ride?
My Chauffeur.

Who puts on lots of side and bounce,
And uses words *I* can't pronounce?
Who is it that I long to trounce?
My Chauffeur.

Who, if I dare to criticise,
Exceeds the limit and defies
The law, till *I* apologise?
My Chauffeur.

Who knows I'm *nouveau-riche*, but he?
Could I but learn to drive, I'd see
Him —— "punctured," and myself would be
My Chauffeur.

OTHER PEOPLE'S COMMENTS

Doubtless, until they have devised some uglier and more expensive kind of hat, "toppers" will have to be worn in suffering silence. — *County Gentleman.*

* * *

In a controversy, it is necessary to say what you want to say about thirty-six times, and then to say it again, and then, kindly but firmly, to point out that you meant what you said and not what you did not say.— *T. P.'s Weekly.*

* * *

Scratch a Russian, and you will find a Tartar.

Scratch a Briton, and you will always turn up a wife-beater. —Mr. EDMUND RUSSELL in the *New York Herald.*

"Now, waiter, a little more celerity, please"
"Sorry, sir, it's hoff!"

RACING NOTIONS

FAVOURITES FOR THE CESAREWITCH. By "CARBINE"

A Good Race for Mrs. Langtry

Congratulations to Mrs. Langtry. Since gallant old Merman won for her the Ascot Gold Cup six years ago, the luck of the lady who races under the pseudonym of Mr. Jersey has not been particularly good. But she has stuck to it in a very plucky and sporting way, and the success of Aurina on Saturday in the Prince Edward Handicap at Manchester will compensate for many recent disappointments. The stake was worth nearly £2,000, and seeing that the winner started at the fine price of 8 to 1, it is to be presumed that her owner had an unusually good race. Bravo! It is excellent to see the racing successes go round in this way.

Noctuiform and the Cesarewitch

Most people are discussing the prospects of the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire, and wondering whether Noctuiform, who has been well-backed for the long-distance race, is such a wonder as his supporters claim him to be. Nobody can say precisely, unless he knows what the horse has accomplished in his home trials. And even then a bad mistake is possible. I know the Ogbourne people think they have got something like a champion; but my advice to people who want to back him is not to scramble for "13 to 2." He ought to be at a longer price than that, and probably will be before the day of the race. For my own part, I always regard such "hot-pots" as this one with some amount of suspicion. To those not "in the know"—whatever that may be worth—Noctuiform has nothing to recommend him save his form in Australia. And that recommendation has often proved to be utterly worthless in England.

Yarmouth Races: A view of the paddock

Especial interest was attached to the meeting this year as it is rumoured that the construction of a new dock may necessitate important alterations in the plan of the course

In Favour of St. Wulfram

I am a great believer in public form as a guide to handicaps. These "dead certainties," which are told to you in stage whispers by somebody who is "well in" with the owner—or, may be, the trainer—I have seen too often go astray ever to place much faith in them. Seven or eight times out of ten you will find that form is the most profitable thing of all to rely on in racing. Having expressed that opinion, nobody will be surprised when I state that St. Wulfram is my fancy for the race at present. We saw him win a good race at Doncaster — for which he incurs no penalty — and we saw him finish third for the Goodwood Plate after getting badly away. Unquestionably St. Wulfram is in form just now, and he will at least give us a good run for our money in the Cesarewitch. Sir John Miller has just purchased the colt, and Randall is to ride him. It would be absurd, of course, to ignore the chances of the other candidates, especially after the handicappers have laboured so carefully to bring them together. Feather Bed has to carry 10lb. extra for this success at Doncaster, and will need to be very smart to win under that penalty. But here again the theory of "form" applies. Horses often set weight at defiance when they are in winning vein. Hammerkop, Whinbloom, Plum Centre, Outbreak, Catnap, and The White Knight all are candidates whose chances seem to me to be worth weighing. And then there is Beppo. But after considering all, I come back again to **St. Wulfram**, my early selection for this race.

Selections for This Week

If there ever seemed a certainty in racing, surely it is Beppo for the Jockey Club Stakes of £10,000 on Thursday. For what is to beat him after his fine display in the St. Leger? Surely not Keystone II., whom he meets on much better terms than at Doncaster. Surely, none of the other three-year-olds, who all have to concede weight to Beppo on account of his breeding allowance. There remain the four-year-olds, Plum Centre and Polymelus, and probably the first named will finish nearest to Beppo. For the Great Eastern Handicap on Wednesday, my selection is **Nero**. I take **Sixty** for the Boscawen Stakes, and **Saxham** for the Hopeful Stakes. **Rising Falcon** ought to win the Snailwell Stakes on Thursday. On the concluding day of the meeting, **Sancy** should win the Newmarket St. Leger, and I am warned to look out for **St. Martin** in the Rous Memorial Stakes.

The Topictator

A Good Idea

It is stated that, owing to school regulations, there is a great dearth of golf caddies. It is furthermore suggested that ex-soldiers should be employed in this capacity. If the idea is adopted, we should be allowed to foozle without the added horror of a contemptuous and grinning child at our elbow

Only One

Vanity Fair asserts that the top hat is dying, and doubts if there will be any mourners when the end comes. We can only think of one

Good-bye to Summer

Exit Police Traps

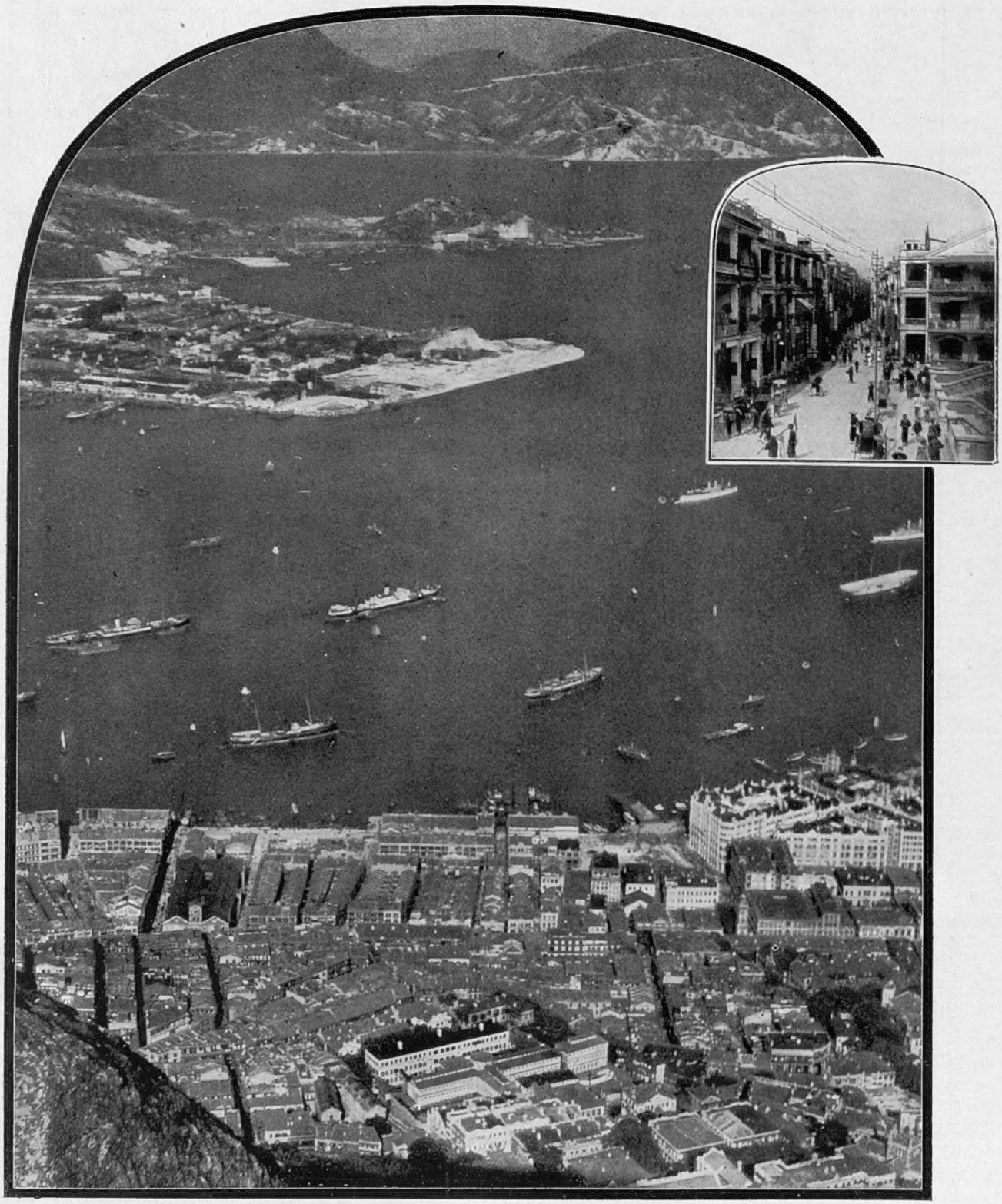
An ex-constable of Bradford has invented a flying machine

The Invisible Manœuvres

Mr. Atkins: "Attackin' army, am I? Dessay! I feels more like a (qualified) poacher. Please 'Eaven I don't come across no worsp's nests"

A Disastrous Week

A TYPHOON WRECKS THE TOWN OF HONG KONG



Photos *Keystone View Company*

Hong Kong, from the summit of "The Peak," showing the City, and the mainland of China opposite

How different must now be the appearance of the town of Hong Kong after its disastrous visitation last week, which was repeated, though happily on a smaller scale, on Thursday. The casualties number some thousands, including many Europeans and Dr. Hoare, the Bishop of Victoria, who was yachting in the neighbourhood. The streets were filled with the wreckage of the boats in the harbour, and the British gunboat *Phœnix* was lost. The small photograph at the top of the page represents Queen's Road, the busiest thoroughfare of Hong Kong

A Disastrous Week

THE APPALLING ACCIDENT ON THE GREAT NORTHERN

An unaccountable disaster overtook the Scotch express last week at Grantham, when the whole train was totally wrecked and twelve people killed. The train, though timed to stop at the station, dashed through at full speed, and met destruction on a sharp curve a short distance off. The only possible explanation is that the driver's mind suddenly became unhinged, but by the death of both the driver and the stoker this will remain one of the world's unsolved and unsolvable mysteries. It is in such crises as these, however, that the British characteristics shine brightest, and many were the gallant and heroic scenes witnessed in the endeavour to save the injured and dying

Photos *Illustrations Bureau and Topical Agency*

SOME SCENES OF THE WRECKAGE AFTER THE ACCIDENT AT GRANTHAM

Major-General V. A. Dieduline

Appointed Chief Commissioner of Police at St. Petersburg in succession to General Trepoff

The . . . World's Pageant

Photo *Elliott and Fry*

Sir Frederick Lugard

Who has just resigned the position of High Commissioner for Northern Nigeria

A Disastrous Week

Such a week of disaster as that which has just passed makes the most frivolous and thoughtless pause for a moment to consider how near we are to death, for all our trappings of civilisation and modernity. News from Hong Kong states that the casualties run into several thousands, both among Europeans and Chinese, while the loss to commerce must be almost impossible to calculate. Without a moment's warning, the typhoon swept down on the town and harbour, causing havoc and loss of life everywhere. With equally terrible suddenness, the occupants of the Scotch express at Grantham were brought face to face with death. While, in the case of Hong Kong, the fight was between man and Nature, in which our puny humanity is seen at its real value, such a calamity as a railway accident always bears the taint of human error, in some phase or other, to which the accident may be attributed. The fact, however, that had some slight defect been remedied, or had little more precaution been taken, the event might have been obviated, only adds infinitely to its horror. The truth will never be known, for both the driver and his fireman were killed, and with them the true reason alone rests. The circumstances were so unaccountable, that the most reasonable supposition that can be arrived at is that the driver must have become insane. Nothing but the deepest sympathy can be felt for the bereaved friends and relatives of the victims of both this and the Far Eastern disaster, yet it is under circumstances such as these that our British characteristics shine the brightest, for both at Grantham and at Hong Kong, the instances of quiet heroism and self-sacrifice mitigate to some slight extent the tragedy of such occurrences.

* * *

Photo *Keturah-Collings*

Miss Warner

The daughter of Mr. Courtenay Warner, M.P., and Lady Leucha Warner, and niece of Viscount Hawarden, a pretty *débutante* of the last season

Sir Frederick Lugard

Serious, as well as unexpected, is the news that Sir Frederick Lugard has resigned the High Commissionership of Northern Nigeria. Few men understand this region better than he. Whether the clashing of Sir Frederick's ideas with those of some members of the Home Government has caused this step to be taken has not come to light, but if so, the latter might have done wisely to take the advice of a man who has had years of actual dealing with the troubles of such a country as Nigeria.

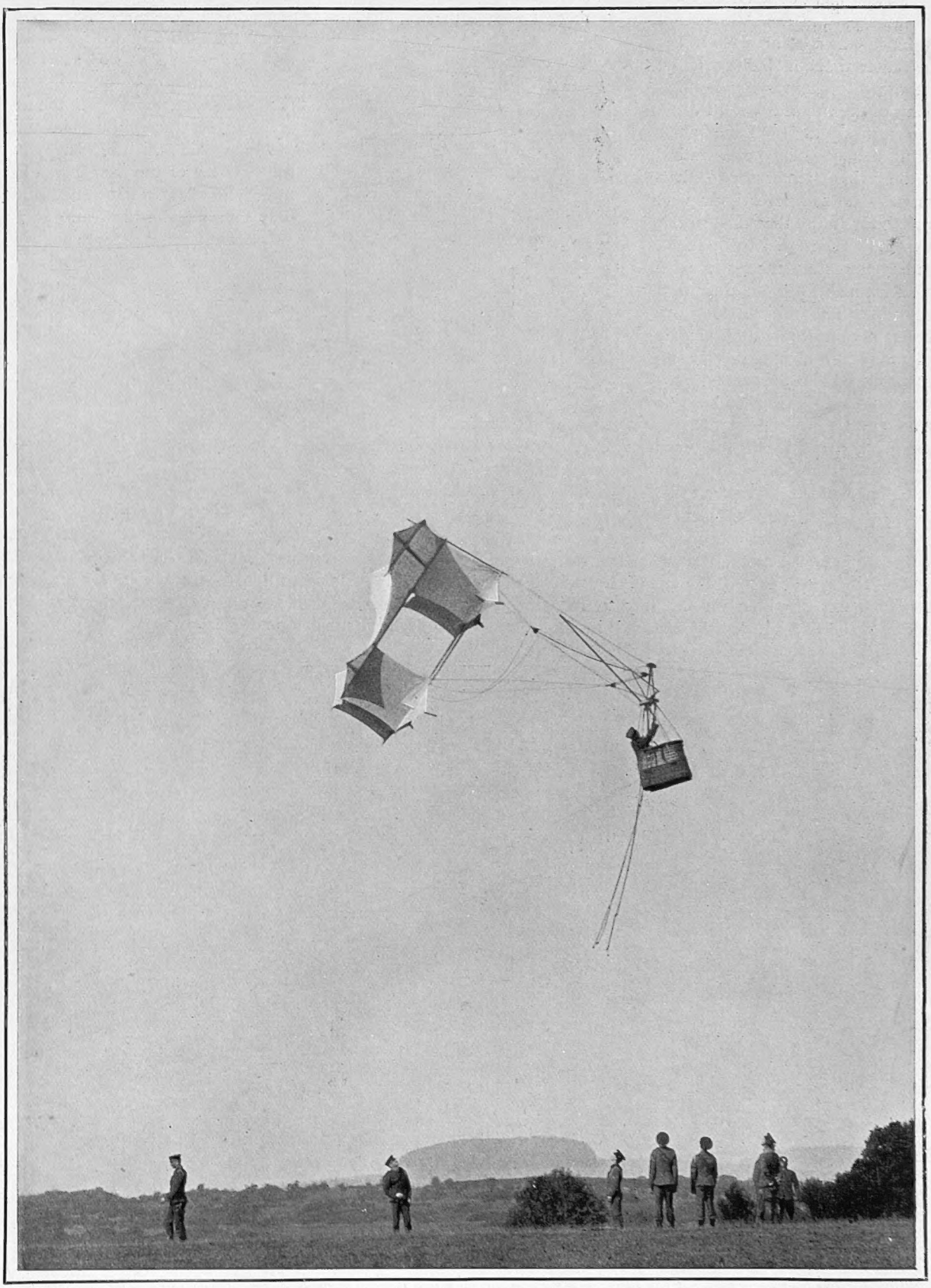
* * *

The Manœuvres

Though the "Irish," our attacking Army, made the "English" forces retire on London, during the recent manœuvres, it is doubtful whether in actual warfare the seeming advantage would have been of much practical use. The enemy, every mile they advanced, were getting farther away from their base, whilst the defenders, though slowly retreating, got more easily in touch with their strongest positions. As an instance of how modern scientific thought is being adapted by our present Army administrators, our photograph, opposite, of the remarkable Cody kite, on trial at the recent manœuvres, is of interest. Here seems to us to be one of the most intelligent proposals yet put forward in the solution of the problem of how to adapt the air to the needs of modern warfare.

The Kite as a War Scout

COLONEL CODY'S INVENTION IN USE AT THE ARMY MANŒUVRES



Photo] **Suspended from a kite in mid-air** [*Illustrations Bureau*

The aerial contrivance most likely to be of use in the wars of the future is the kite, and the experiments with Colonel Cody's invention, photographed at the recent Military Manœuvres, are of exceptional interest. The *modus operandi* is this: Large kites are flown very high up, and the steel rope which holds them to earth is used as a pulley, upon which is slung another box-kite, and attached to it is a small car with a motor fitted to it, which aids it in making the ascent. Thus it will be seen that danger is actually extremely improbable. There is no gas to explode, and the likelihood of any mishap befalling the kites up in the skies is remote. The officer in the car, likewise, can ascend or descend, or remain stationary, according to his wish

Bellow-Drama at Drury Lane

A "Lane" First Night

The first night of a Drury Lane drama plays about the same part in the Autumn season as that of the Opera in the Spring. Both set the entertainment ball rolling, according to the varying requirements of the two seasons. People who turn up at a "Lane" first night belong, of course, rather to the *genus* "interesting" than smart. One sees everybody who is anybody in the theatrical world, even though, in order to be there, leading actors and actresses have to take a night off from their own theatres. The critics, too, are there, in all the dour and deadly solemnity of their species, and troop out of the theatre between each act (and between each scene of each act) in correct funereal pomp and panoply, to tell each other what they think, but are not, for worlds, going to write, about the play and its players. For, of course, the occupants of the stalls at the Lane (here I make no reference to the cows in the second act of *The Bondman*, a photograph of whom on the way to rehearsal is exhibited below) are mostly engaged in a gigantic make-believe. Like the actors themselves, the shirt-fronted and bare-necked stall-holder is also playing to the gallery, in a listening part. He hears the hero's brave periods, the heroine's sobs, the father's blessing, the villain's raucous curse, and the tender prayers of the little che-hild (actually said on the stage in the first act of the new play), as though for all the world he had paid only a shilling for his seat. It *is* "the Lane," one mutters to oneself, "and one must feel the needed thrills or stop away." The only complaint, perhaps, about the new play is that these thrills are not frequent enough. With the exception of the cows, who are, after all, only walking ladies, and without speaking (or milking) parts, and the scene in the sulphur convict mines (real sulphur) during an eruption from the volcano in Sicily, there is nothing of a specially sensational nature, save, perhaps, the appearance of Mrs. Patrick Campbell, that lady of innumerable theatrical pasts, in the rôle of a country lassie. And, of course, there is Mr. Ainly, with sun-coloured locks.

Photo] **Bound for Aberdeen!** *[Park*

One of the consignment of turtles *en route* for the "Granite City," where they will form an important part of the banquets to be held during the King's visit. This specimen weighs 2cwt.

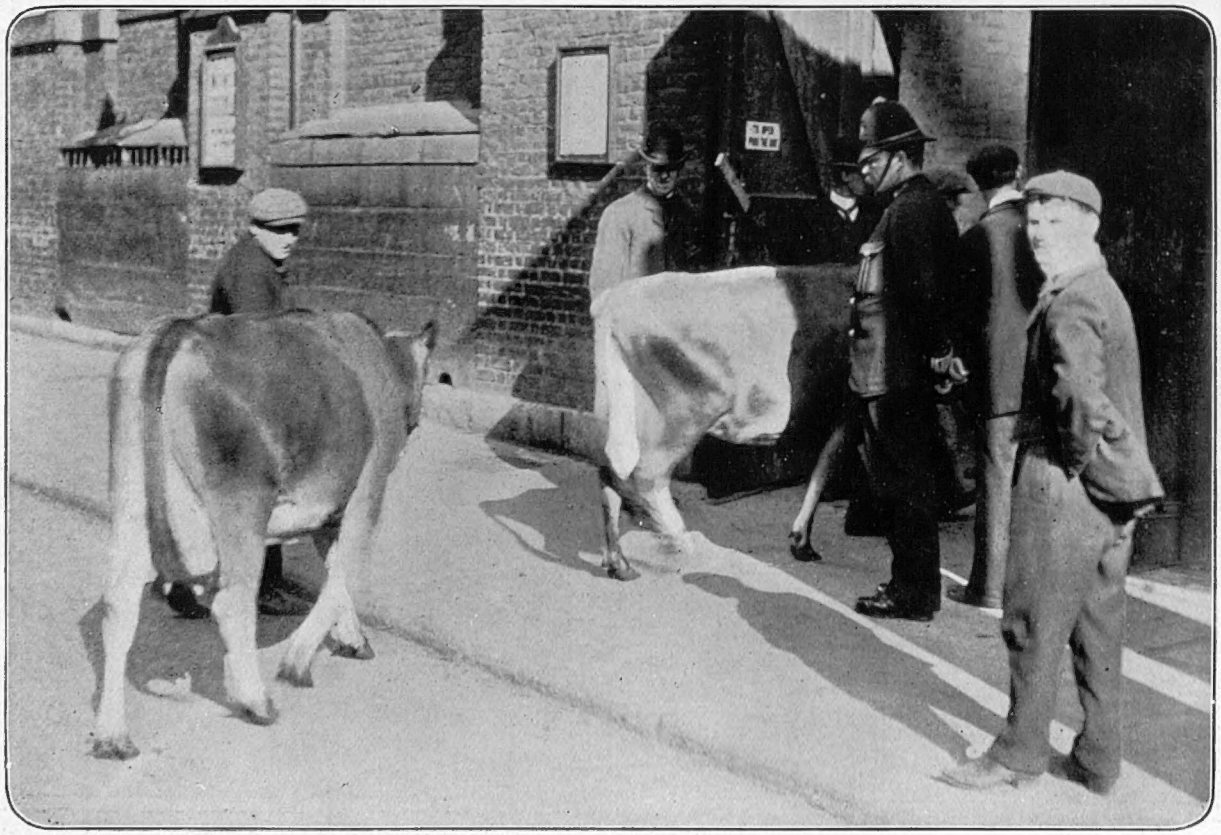


Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

"Walking Ladies" at Drury Lane: Cows arriving at the theatre for "The Bondman," Act II.

Considerable amusement is caused in the farmyard scene of Mr. Hall Caine's new drama by the "walking on" of some fine cows. They are not, however, milked in the presence of the audience, neither have they, as yet, shown so great a predilection for the stalls as to incommode their usual occupants

The Royal Visit to Aberdeen

The King at Aberdeen

Great is the excitement in Aberdeen, for to-day, Wednesday, the quater-centenary of the Aberdeen University commences, and on Thursday the King and Queen arrive from Ballater to open the new wing of that famous old building, the Marischal College. Despite its title of the "Granite City," which, by the way, was first given after the construction of Union Street, owing to its being built almost entirely of the local grey stone, Aberdeen is by no means so black, or rather grey, as it is sometimes painted, and it has put on its brightest clothes in honour of the Royal visit. Their Majesties will drive over a three miles' route through the town before opening the new buildings, and after the ceremony is over they will be entertained by the Lord Provost at the City Hall. Lord Aberdeen has come over specially for the function from Ireland, and Lord Strathcona and Sir Frederick Treves, who is Rector of the University, will also take part.

Photo *Elliott and Fry*

Lord Strathcona

Who is giving a monster banquet to 2,500 people at Aberdeen on the occasion of the King's visit

* * *

A Gargantuan Feast

While the King and Queen are being entertained by the Lord Provost, Lord Strathcona will be holding, in Strathcona Hall, the largest banquet that has ever been given. Over 2,500 guests will be entertained at this Gargantuan Feast, and all the preparations are, therefore, also on a colossal scale. Several special trains convey the army of cooks, waiters, and other functionaries to Aberdeen, and that delicacy, the toothsome turtle, without which no banquet, Aldermanic or otherwise, would be worthy of the name, is taking a prominent and weighty place in the preparations, for, on an average, these creatures weigh about 2 cwt. each.

* * *

Lord Strathcona's Little Hobby

In fact, Lord Strathcona's pet hobby seems to be that of giving meals on a huge scale. For instance, his last garden-party at Knebworth was a colossal affair, and both this and the coming banquet for Aberdonians is by no means the only instance of this little propensity of his. This, however, is only one of the forms taken by Lord Strathcona's charitableness, for, though essentially modest and retiring, he is one of the kindest and most open-handed men living.

Photo] **Aberdeen's Principal Thoroughfare: Union Street** [*Annan*

The usually grey and sombre "Granite City" will be gay with bunting on the occasion of Their Majesties visit on Thursday next to open the new extension of the University buildings. The city is up to date in every respect, but, unlike Edinburgh, the old and the new town are not distinctive, and many of the old and historic buildings can be found side by side with the most modern structures

The Baden Jubilee and Golden Wedding

The Order of the Garter

Although, officially, the death of a holder of the Order of the Garter does not create a vacancy, and in no way means that another holder will naturally be invested, yet, generally speaking, there are now two "vacancies" in the ranks of the holders of this, the greatest honour which the King can bestow. One of these so-called vacancies was created by the death of King Christian of Denmark, and the other by the death of the Duke of Rutland. It is expected that the Garter formerly invested in the late King of Denmark will be given to King Haakon of Norway, probably on the occasion of the Royal visit to Sandringham later on in the year. The death of the Duke of Rutland brought down the number of the Companions of the Garter to twenty-four. As twenty-five is the usual number, it is probable that some peer will be invested when the next Honours' list is made out. The latest Knight of the Garter is the Grand Duke of Baden, who, on the occasion of the celebration of the jubilee of his accession to the throne of the Duchy, and also on the occasion of the celebration of his golden wedding, was invested with the insignia of the Order of the Garter by the Duke of Connaught, who journeyed last week especially to Karlsrühe for this purpose. The Grand Duke, who married the only daughter of the old Emperor William, is the best-loved and perhaps the most popular of all German princes, and his friendship towards the House of Prussia, though severely tried of late years by the vagaries of the Kaiser, his nephew, has always been of a particularly cordial and loyal nature.

* * *

The Prince of Wales at Orwell

By visiting Orwell for the partridge shooting, as the guest of Captain and Lady Beatrice Pretyman, His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales is following in the steps of the late Duke of Cambridge, who, as the guest of the late Colonel Tomline, shot at Orwell for many years of his life; until, in fact, ill-health and advanced age put a stop altogether to this form of amusement. The present owner, Captain Pretyman, inherited Orwell Park, which is a very charming place, from his uncle, Colonel Tomline. Lady Beatrice inherits from her mother, Lady Bradford, the soft voice and gracious manners for which that lady is famed, and which made her such a favourite at Court when in office as lady-in-waiting on the Princess of Wales. Another of Lady Bradford's daughters is the future Duchess of Buccleuch, who is married to Lord Dalkeith. Captain Pretyman, whose Parliamentary career, like that of many others, came to a temporary stop with the advent of the Liberals to office, possesses some of the best shooting in Suffolk, is himself a first-rate shot, and a great sportsman.

Photos *Schumann*

A GRAND-DUCAL JUBILEE AND GOLDEN WEDDING

T.R.H. the Grand Duke and Duchess of Baden in 1856 **The Grand Duke and Duchess to-day**

The ruler of Baden was born eighty years ago, and married in 1856 to Princess Louise of Prussia, in which year, also, he succeeded to the Grand-Ducal title. He is thus celebrating this year three events: (1) the Jubilee of his accession, (2) his golden wedding, and (3) his eightieth birthday

Sport or Savagery?

SUNDAY RABBIT COURSING FOR PLEASURE AND PROFIT

Starting a Course: Releasing a couple of whippets

Dogs start the pursuit about twenty yards behind their miserable victim

EVERY Sunday, at one or other of the riverside suburbs, is indulged, by members of the virtuous and "sporting" working-classes, the pastime of rabbit coursing. Our photographs follow the pastime in its various stages. First, two whippets, held in leash, while the bookmakers shout their odds in raucous voices and bets are made, are released. The miserable rabbit, usually an undersized specimen, has been taken about twenty yards from the dogs, and is let go at the firing of a gun. In about thirty seconds, after a hopeless show of "sport," the wretched animal is caught by the dogs. Sometimes he will seek refuge in the crowd, in which case he will be brutally kicked by the spectators. The kill, in these circumstances, barely lasts one minute, and when executed, the air rings with the hideous yells and shouts of the backers claiming their gains. These gentry are probably the lowest known members of the betting profession, and are drawn from the dregs of society. Their language is pure Billingsgate, and the sufferings on Sundays of quiet residents of Hounslow, East Molesey, and other places where rabbit coursing is indulged, may be imagined. Not only are the sufferings of the miserable rabbits beyond description, but also those of the dogs, some fifty or sixty of which are generally to be seen, panting, with parched, protruding tongues, while, if obstreperous, they will be kicked and beaten by spectators. Feeling is so strong against rabbit coursing that one wonders how long the law, which is severe enough on some forms of cruelty, will permit these brutal orgies to continue.

The kill, which usually takes places after the rabbit has been chased for about thirty seconds

The "Raison d'Etre" of Rabbit Coursing: A crowd of bookmakers and other "sportsmen"

Carrying home the "spoils"

Mrs. Leiter as a Scottish Hostess

A Popular President

Another friend of the Prince and Princess of Wales is Lord Wenlock, who, on Saturday, takes the chair at the Motor Union Meeting of the North Yorkshire Automobile Club to be held at Scarborough. Lord and Lady Wenlock, as befitted the owners of one of the finest sporting estates in the North of England, had a big party at Escrick Park, their place near York, for Doncaster Week, but Lord Wenlock is shortly leaving for India, where he intends to pay his brother, Sir Arthur Lawley, a visit this winter, and he will probably spend about a month in the Madras Presidency. There has rarely been a Governor in India more truly devoted to the East than he. He was himself Governor of Madras from 1891 to 1896, so the visit will be of especial interest to everyone out there. Lord Wenlock, who, by the way, owns some 20,000 acres in Yorkshire, is a very popular man in the North, and it will be remembered that, as Chief of the Staff to the Prince of Wales, he accompanied their Royal Highnesses on their tour in the *Ophir*. Lady Wenlock, who is a daughter of the late Lord Harewood, is a member of the artistic set, and has often exhibited at different London Galleries.

Photo *Dickinson*

Lord Wenlock

Ex-Governor of Madras, and Yorkshire landowner, who is taking the chair at the Motor Union Meeting at Scarborough

A Family Party at Tulloch

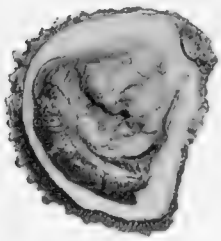
An interesting family party has been gathered together at Tulloch Castle, the famous Ross-shire estate which Mrs. Leiter has this year again leased from Mr. Davidson, of Tulloch. It included Lord Curzon of Kedleston, his three little daughters, Lord and Lady Suffolk and their baby son, Lord Andover, Colonel and Mrs. Colin Campbell, the Dowager Lady Suffolk, and Mr. Joseph Leiter. Very little shooting, however, has been done, although Colonel Campbell and Lord Suffolk have been out on the moors, and no entertaining has taken place, in spite of the fact that Mrs. Leiter's tenancy includes over 7,000 acres of some of the finest shooting in the country. All of the party are, of course, still in the deepest mourning for Lady Curzon.

Mrs. Leiter keeps quite a "stud" of motors at Tulloch Castle, and motoring, as a rule, through the wild and picturesque scenery of the neighbourhood forms one of the chief amusements of the place to all those of the house-party who are not out on the moors.

Photo *Munro*

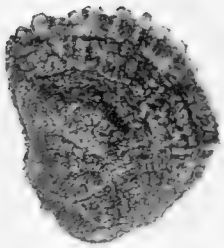
Tulloch Castle, Ross-shire

At which a quiet but interesting family party has been held lately by its present lessee, Mrs. Joseph Leiter. The guests were Lord Curzon of Kedleston and his daughters, Lord and Lady Suffolk, and others



Oyster Season Opens

HOW THE "SUCCULENT BIVALVES" ARE BROUGHT TO MARKET



Sorting out the "Natives"

The succulent oyster has been a valued item of epicurean menus for over two thousand years, and they have been dredged at Whitstable since the Roman occupation of Britain

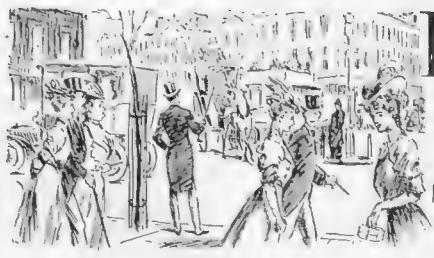
A Whitstable oyster pit

After being brought ashore, the dredges are put into bags and suspended in large pits filled with sea-water. On an average, these pits hold about four hundred thousand oysters

WITH the partridge season comes also the English oyster season, and the succulent "native" again appears on the menu. It has now, however, assumed a more utilitarian rôle than that of merely tickling the palate of epicures, for, according to eminent medical authorities, oysters comprise the ideal diet for those affected with "nerves," or who are "run down," and six oysters are said to be as nourishing as one chop. Whitstable is world-famous for its "natives," which have been dredged here for two thousand years, and in 80 A.D. Julius Agricola exported them to Rome from this place. Whitstable "natives" have undergone many variations in price since those days. In 1273 they could be bought for a halfpenny a hundred, and in 1572 at fourpence a hundred. Now, however, the celebrated "Royals" fetch from four to five shillings a dozen. The oyster is dragged from his snug retreat by dredges, which can be seen in the photograph above, a means that has been in use since time immemorial. Each boat works five or six dredges at one time as she drifts with wind and tide, and when the dredges are full they are hoisted on deck, and their contents carefully sorted out into the different varieties.

The Record Oyster Season: Pulling up the dredges containing Whitstable "Natives"

The oyster *par excellence* is the Royal Whitstable Native. According to a prominent doctor, six oysters are equal to one chop in sustaining properties, and they are highly efficacious in the treatment of nerves



ROUND THE TOWN

Deserted Clubland

The shockingly depressed appearance of all the clubs, and the ghostly spectacle one's favourite club chair presents from the outer pavement, lifted high in the middle of the room and disconsolately wrapped in many wrappings, reminds one, if nothing else does, that London is no longer the centre of the universe. Scotland now holds that much-desired position, for Scotland, what with games and gatherings and meetings, not to speak of the grouse, the deer, and the salmon, has been for the last few weeks solely and entirely a land of carnival. In London, the only sign of returning social activity is in the theatres. First nights are as thick as blackberries. The audiences, however, differ from first-night audiences at more fashionable seasons of the year in that they are very attentive to the play and are neither so well-dressed nor so badly mannered as they would be if it were June, or even November. The restaurants alone, profiting by the disarranged clubs and the constant passage of people between the Continent and the North, preserve, even in this deadest of all dead months, an appearance of seeming activity, and, dining at Claridge's last week, it was almost impossible to remember that London was "empty."

Photo *Halftones, Ltd.*

Lady Gwendolen Cecil arriving at the Old Bailey

Lady Gwendolen Cecil was the centre of a sensational libel suit tried at the Old Bailey last week, which resulted in a sentence of six months' imprisonment being passed on Mrs. Stanley, against whom the action was brought

* * *

The Hounslow Motor Accident

Nothing serves to bring out the innate snobbishness of the British nation so well as an accident of the kind in which the Duchess of Connaught was concerned at Hounslow about ten days ago. It was an accident of a type which is common enough—the running down by a vehicle (in this case a motor-car) of a child who was larking in the roadway with some other children on his way home from school—and it resulted in the child's death. It was, moreover, an unavoidable accident, and one which neither the driver of the car nor anyone else, other than the unfortunate victim of it, could have prevented; and that is really all there is to be said about it, apart, of course, from the sadness of its consequences to the mother and relatives of the child, and the sorrow which all the occupants of the car must naturally have felt at the involuntary part played by them in the tragedy.

* * *

Sympathy for—the Duchess!

And yet, because a Royal Duchess happened to be concerned in it, the papers must needs go into ecstasies over her sublime behaviour, the grief which she showed, the wonderful condescension which she displayed in having the car stopped and all possible assistance rendered to the poor lad, and the gracious sympathy which she bestowed upon the bereaved mother. What else, in Heaven's name, would one have expected her to do? Was it likely that she, the chauffeur, or any member of her party would behave after the manner of the road-hog? But the opportunity, whenever it occurs, of slavishly extolling the virtues of Royalty must never be lost. The British public love it. Hence all this flummery.

* * *

Snobbery at the Inquest

At the inquest, too, there was a sort of apologetic air about the proceedings, suggestive of a prudish horror that the doings of so exalted a personage should have to be made the subject of a public inquiry, and even Mr. Coroner himself seems to have been so far infected with the desire that nothing prejudicial to the Duchess or her servant should come out in evidence that he put leading questions to the witnesses, while one of the jury was moved to announce that he had lived in Hounslow for a quarter of a century, and had frequently warned boys against larking in the streets—leaving it to be inferred, of course, that for a quarter of a century he had been doing his level best in the service of Royalty.

But expressions of sympathy with the boy's mother, who is a widow, seem to have been somewhat conspicuous by their absence. Looking back on the whole affair, I am tempted to wonder what the feelings of the Duchess of Connaught herself are. Does H.R.H. like being lauded to the skies for saying and doing what any humane woman would have said and done in similar circumstances?

Mr. John Burns Changes His Quarters

Mr. Burns Loyal to Battersea

When it was rumoured that Mr. John Burns was "moving out" of his old Battersea home, cynics suggested that he was about to begin to "live up" to that £2,000 a year of his, and get into the West End. These people walked in darkness and imagined a vain thing. Mr. Burns remains loyal to Battersea, and the only symptom of rising in the world to be noted in his move is that his new house has a name, "Athelstane," and is in some gardens (Lavender Gardens), where its predecessor had only a number (108) and was up a hill (Lavender Hill). Our photograph of his new residence is an ample refutation of the insinuation that the Right Hon. John has become less democratic.

* * *

Wyndham's Theatre

The aspiring playwright—that melancholy, misunderstood individual whom fancy paints as a young-old man with a lantern jaw and a shock of hair—should forget his woes for a while, and go and see Mrs. Henry de la Pasture's comedy, *Peter's Mother*. It is a refreshing play, and should fall like the dew of heaven upon the parched soul of the aspiring playwright. For it is quite within the bounds of reason that our young friend has written a play endowed with the same virtues and the same faults as *Peter's Mother*. Wherefore there is hope for him. Mrs. Henry de la Pasture is a clever and agreeable writer, who has but a smattering of stage technique. Yet a manager has been found courageous enough to produce a second play from her pen very soon after her first play (*The Lonely Millionaires*) had proved a failure. This looks like

"Athelstane"

To the intense interest of local enthusiasts, Mr. John Burns moved to a new house last week in Lavender Gardens, which rejoices in the historic name given above

Photos Photo Press

The President of the Local Government Board superintends the moving of his library

Practical in everything, Mr. John Burns moved the majority of his splendid library with his own hands when changing his abode from Lavender Hill to the less democratic Lavender Gardens. His books are certainly more to him than mere "goods and chattels" to be recklessly handled

Mr. Caine at the Lane

the new order of things. The old order, which appears to be passing, was as follows: The would-be dramatist is plainly told that all his gifts—human observation, style, etc.—are useless so long as he neglects to learn the technical side of the business. "Very charming, my dear fellow, but quite unactable. Very amusing, but quite impossible in its present form." With this cold comfort lying upon his soul, the budding dramatist returns to his den. He spends his youth slaving away at the difficult task of acquiring technique. After many years, he returns to the attack upon the managers, armed with a play in which is embodied all the experience in stage-craft which he had been at such pains to acquire. His play is accepted and produced with moderate success. No one commends the new dramatist for his delicate humour and agreeable writing. What has happened? Why, the years of non-success have taken their toll of him. In slaving away at the technical side of his art he has lost his freshness of outlook. The charm in his writing has evaporated. If Mrs. Henry de la Pasture had been told, after the failure of *The Lonely Millionaires*, to go away and learn the technical side of play-making, we should not be now enjoying the clever character-drawing and the witty observations in *Peter's Mother*. It is a refreshing play, for the reason that it is not turned out upon the usual models. It is not often we see a play with so little "action" in the recognised sense of the term, but which has in it so much to charm and amuse us. Is this the new order of things? If so, there should soon be an end to the dismal cry about the dearth of playwrights.

* * *

Vaudeville Theatre

Players are very quick to gauge the temperament of the house. On some evenings it seems as though no endeavours on their part could rouse the enthusiasm of their audience. "Very cold house," they say, and feel quite melancholy about it. On Monday evening, September 17, at the Vaudeville Theatre, the most cordial relations were quickly established between the performers and their audience. Everything "went" with a bang. For was it not the evening upon which Miss Camille Clifford made her first appearance since the announcement of her engagement? The actress, not the play, was the thing. Mr. Bruce sat and beamed in a box. Who shall say after this that the English are a race without sentiment?

* * *

At Drury Lane

Mr. Arthur Collins wears two feathers in his cap. One is the *Repétition Générale*, the success of which is assured; the other is Mr. Hall Caine, who, as supplier of a Drury Lane autumn drama, is the right man in the right place. Mr. Caine handles melodrama as to the manner born. This is not surprising, considering the years he has been dealing in his books with just those stirring and poignant situations which are so effective on the stage. I must say it, *pace* Mr. Collins—*The Bondman* is first-quality melodrama. It contains the elements which in bygone days have drawn tears and salvoes of cheers from audiences at the "Brit." These elements are handled at Drury Lane in a manner to draw tears and salvoes of cheers from a different audience. *The Bondman* is a moving play. It is written so simply, so forcibly, so directly, as to strike at the hearts of the least susceptible. This manner of its writing is most important. Recognising the audience he had to deal with, Mr. Caine has wisely left out those gallery speeches, brimming over with morality, so dear to the hearts of a less sophisticated audience. It is terrible to reflect that one speech of the "touch-that-woman-if-you-dare" order is quite sufficient to wreck the most telling situation. The dramatic situations in *The Bondman* are led up to with the art which conceals art. There is no trace of theatricalism in the writing.

* * *

The Performance

The performance on Tuesday afternoon has vindicated the *répétition générale* for all time in this country. For the future, perhaps we shall have the benefit of an institution so long enjoyed by our Continental neighbours. The performance lacked none of that thrill and magnetism associated with a first night. To make the resemblance more close, there were loud cries for the author, who received a most enthusiastic call. The play should prove a *succès fou*. Great personal successes were scored by Mr. Frank Cooper, by Mr. Henry Ainley, and by Mr. Austin Melford. In Father Ferrati—a priest reformed from drink—Mr. Melford has a part so cleverly written as, literally, to hold the audience spellbound. The character gave the actor the very highest opportunities, and he seized them with consummate ability. Mrs. Patrick Campbell, although she played with much earnestness and sincerity, failed to conceal the fact that the part is not well suited to her temperament.

* * *

Nerves! Nerves! Nerves!

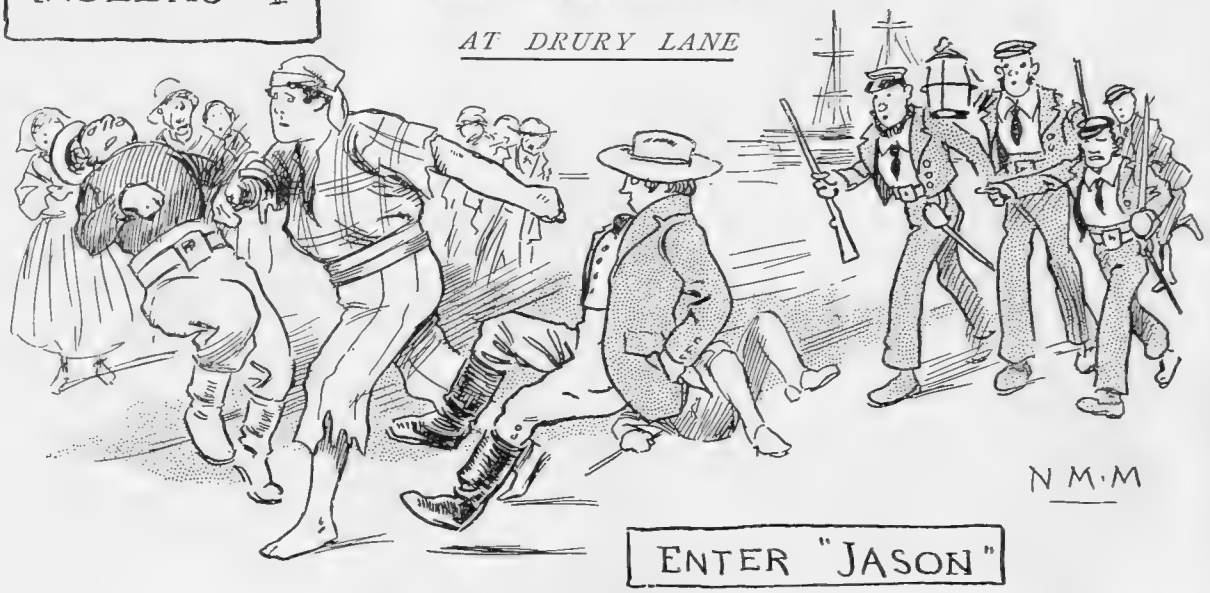
The Congress of Sanitary Inspectors may be a useful institution in its way, but it is doubtful whether the ordinary man would have cared one jot for the business of this Congress had it not contributed fresh data to the fashionable topic of the moment—nerves. At present, we are a doctor-ridden nation. The medico, for some unexplained reason, is allowed to rise up and make life a burden by his incessant croaking. A fashionable physician who even hinted to his private patients one half the horrors which he is allowed to paint for them in the Press would, in the course of a year, find his practice so diminished that he would have to move from Harley Street into the Mile End Road. I would rather suffer the racket of a procession of motor-'buses than read a paragraph upon their nerve-destroying capacity. It is quite possible to walk along the street and be serenely unconscious of their existence, until Brown, with a misguided sense of what constitutes light conversation, remarks, "What a noise these motor-'buses make." Unless there is a conspiracy of silence upon this matter, we all should soon be gibbering idiots.

SCENES FROM

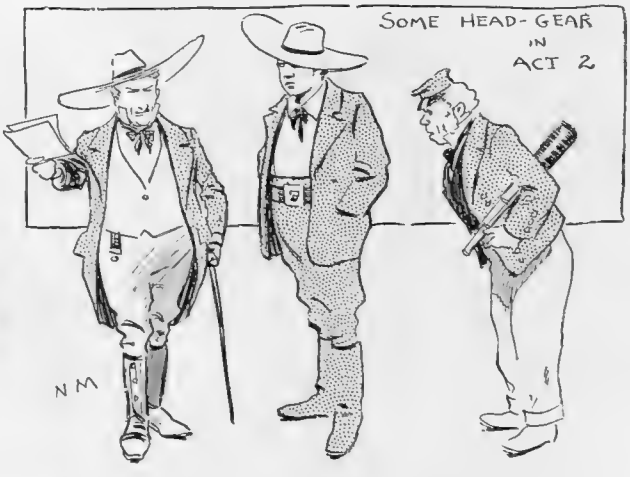
"The Bondman"

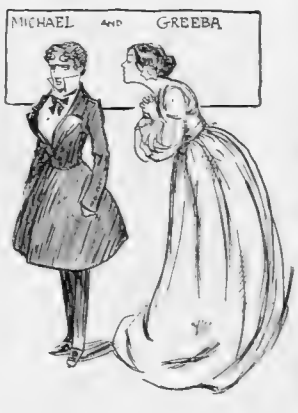
AT DRURY LANE

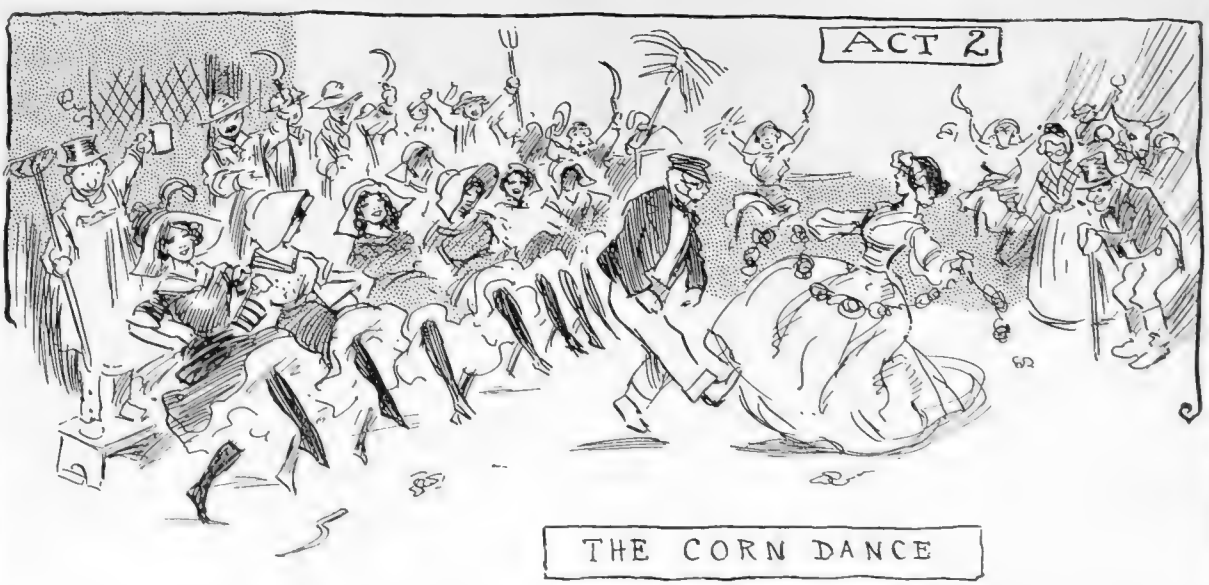
TABLEAU I



ENTER "JASON"







THE CORN DANCE

DRAWN BY NORMAN MORROW

PARIS Week by Week.

By FRANCES KEYZER

La Grand Thérèse

Thérèse Humbert and her husband are once more among us. The great Thérèse left the Rennes Prison with £4 in her pocket, money she earned during her three years' stay there. It is a pity she could not have framed these gold pieces, which represented probably the only money honestly begotten during her strange career. The story of Thérèse's phantom millions had for many months kept the Press in a state of fever-heat until the day when the actors in this absurd comedy withdrew into compulsory retirement. Then, for a long time, their names were no longer mentioned, and we were inclined to believe that Thérèse, the Crawfords, and their millions were dead and buried. We were, however, mistaken. Thérèse is very much alive, and has shown it in the first words she spoke to one of the enterprising journalists who waited outside the grim building in Rennes. "I am hearty and strong," she said, "and full of energy. Look at my teeth! Despite the want of a tooth brush—which the prison authorities refused to give me—they are still in good condition." And she displayed the two rows of ivory of which she was always very proud.

Photo] M. Berthelot [*Manuel*

The famous chemist, who will celebrate his eightieth birthday shortly

* * *

Does She Really Believe in the Crawfords?

I had occasion to speak to an official who, having been many times in contact with Thérèse Humbert during her trial and after, knows and understands that lady more than most people. "Thérèse," he remarked to me, "has entered upon a curious phase. She has attained that elevated point when a woman believes her own lies. The story of the Crawfords and their millions is fixed in her mind, nay, into her very heart. It now forms part of her system. She is one of those extraordinary creatures who thrive on bluff. She has, I dare say, already started bluffing; and, despite the warning the public has received, she will still find moneyed fools ready to believe in her, in her story, and in the millions of the Crawfords. The latter, says Thérèse, are in London, so as not to be troubled by the French lawyers. The next thing, therefore, we may expect to hear is that Thérèse has gone to England, where she expects to find gullible people. But why should she cross the Channel? There are still enough fools left here in Paris." Thus spoke this wise man, and it would not be surprising if what he predicted came true.

* * *

M. Clémenceau, the New Broom

The new broom which M. Clémenceau wields with such remarkable skill proves a terror to the French bureaucracy, who do not like to see one sinecure after the other swept away. M. Clémenceau's latest reform is the suppression of the salaries paid to the medical gentlemen attached to the various Ministries. In future, they will only be remunerated for services actually rendered. No sickness, no fee. It is even rumoured that our Prime Minister at one moment intended to adopt the Chinese method towards the doctor. The Chinese pay their medical adviser so long as they are in good health. The moment they fall ill the doctor does not receive a cent. In the Celestial Empire, therefore, it is to the doctor's advantage to cure his patient as promptly as possible, instead of keeping him indefinitely on the sick list, like many of these gentlemen do here when they have to deal with a rich client. Unfortunately, M. Clémenceau could not carry out the Chinese scheme, inasmuch as the medical men belonging to the Ministries do not prescribe for the employées. All they do is to sign a certificate that Mr. X. or Mr. Z. is ill and wants a rest. It is to be feared that, in future, the doctors, deprived of their salaries, will be less generous as regards the number of certificates they issue, and that the officials will not always be believed on their word.

* * *

Nu York as a Fashun Center!

A curious form of vanity has arisen in New York. The American city aspires to be the "Sacred City of

"La Grande Thérèse"

LEAVES PRISON, AND IS NOW AGAIN ON THE WARPATH

Madame Thérèse Humbert leaving the offices of "Le Petit Parisien" in Paris

Madame Humbert still persists in her old story of the Crawford millions. Her latest feat is to declare that the golden millions are in a London mansion, near a big railway terminus, and that she could find the house blindfold. If she came to London, she says, the Crawfords would receive her with open arms. Unfortunately, her petition for leave—she has to ask for permission as she is on ticket-of-leave—has been refused by an incredulous and unsympathetic Government!

Fashion." I quote from the president, not of the Republic, but of the proposed "Dressmakers' College," or "University of Modes," as has been ambitiously suggested by a member of the Committee. The College opens in November, and the founders expect support. But from whom? From young girls desirous of learning the science of cutting and fitting? That is not the aim of the organisation. It rises higher than the elementary technical studies. Its aim is creation. It will create fashions that not only America, North and South, shall copy, but that shall bring buyers from Europe, from the great centres, from Paris—even from Paris—to stock their showrooms. New York shall be the market for *Modes*, and students shall come to the American city to study dressmaking, as they go to Paris for painting, or to Milan for singing.

* * *

America's Debt to Paris

Vain dream! The Americans forget when they say that their countrywomen are "the best-dressed women in the world," that their clothes are not home made. The best American shops send their representatives to Paris twice a year to make a selection of Paris *modes*, notwithstanding the high duty charged on imports of this description. In early spring and early autumn the dressmaking and millinery establishments here are lined with American buyers, not private customers, but buyers for the trade. Therefore, if the American women are the best dressed in the world, they do not owe it to the individual or collective efforts of the Americans, but to the natural taste of the Parisians—to Worth, Doucet, or Paquin, the three suns around whom the fashionable world turns.

The New York ladies will be, perhaps, surprised to hear that the leading dressmaking firms accentuate the Paris fashions to suit the demand of the American buyers; that excessive detail is more appreciated than the simple line so dear to Parisiennes. The Americans will possibly please their countrywomen, but they cannot hope to supply Europe. It is a question of light, of air, of atmosphere, of *ambiance*, that is found only in Paris. So the Parisians smile when they hear of the College or University of Modes. *Modes* is a French word. There is no American equivalent.

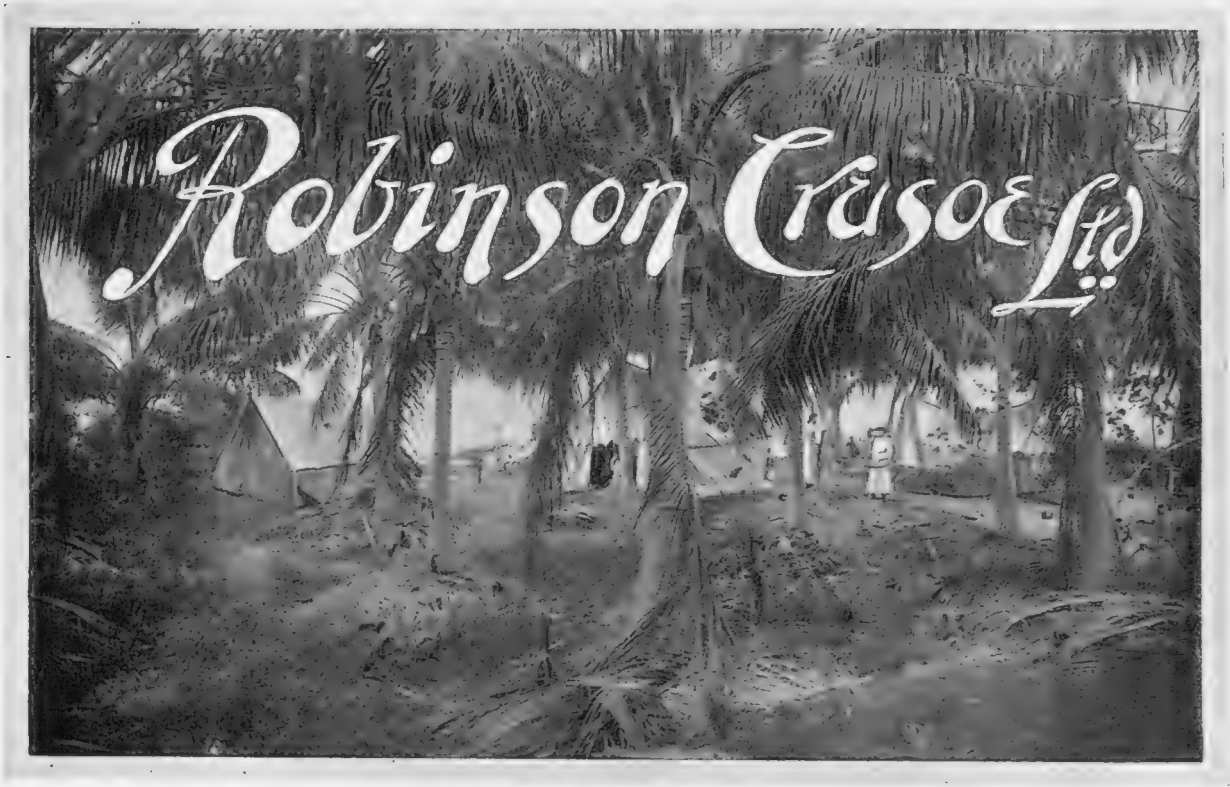
FRANCES KEYZER.

An Explosive Ex-Minister

M. Berthelot, who celebrates his eightieth birthday soon, is doubtless one of the greatest living chemists. His specialities have been explosives and heat-phenomena. Whether or not it was by virtue of his experience in these matters that M. Bourgeois selected him for the post of Foreign Minister in his short-lived Ministry of 1895-96 is unknown, but certainly M. Berthelot proved so explosive an influence at the Quai D'Orsay that the relations of France with friendly Powers nearly reached a state of combustion. It was at about the time of Kitchener's first Nile Expedition and the opening of the Dreyfus case that the chemist tried his hand at foreign politics, and doubtless he was only too glad when the time came for him to retire back again into the soothing atmosphere of mere chemical explosives.

Photo] **A marvellous fountain at the Engineering Exhibition** [*Photo Press*

The *pièce de résistance* of the Engineering Exhibition at Olympia (opened on September 16 by Sir Alexander Binnie) is Messrs. James Keith and Blackman Company's marvellous electric fountain seen above. It is 33 ft. high and discharges water at the rate of 1,500 gallons per minute, and by a clever arrangement of electric lights, innumerable brilliant and pleasing effects are obtained. Below the fountain are six large electric fans which draw in the air from the ground level, cleanse, cool, and humidify it, and then re-circulate it to the extent of 22,000 ft. a minute. By this means, the whole of the air contents of the gigantic building of Olympia are cleansed and re-invigorated every eight hours, and circulated either hot or cold



V.—A SIMPLE LIFE FULL OF EXCITEMENTS

[*Being the fifth chapter of the true story of the experiences which befel a little party of worldlings—a fisherman* ("*Skipper*"), *his wife* ("*Cook*"), *his sister-in-law* ("*Kitchen-maid*"), *and the writer* ("*Scribe*") — *among the uninhabited islands of the Bahamas. They lead the Simple Life, and enjoy excellent fishing, their prey in many cases putting up the most determined fights.*]

The great charm of life on our island lies in the constant excitements which diversify our days. The kitchen-maid declares that a London season fails to supply the amount of thrills experienced in one day at Bond's Cay. The first excitement of the day is bathing. The sharks effectually banish the monotony which might otherwise settle upon this form of sport. All bathe, therefore, in shallow water, where a shark can be seen 200 yards away, while the girls content themselves with a hurried dip from shore. Their bathing, like that in a fashionable French watering-place, is more out of the water than in. One day after our dip we were rowing about when three sharks, most of which are very bold, made a determined attack on our boat.

The kitchen-maid's Sunday out

Life on the island was very hard upon one's wardrobe. Great was our astonishment, therefore, to find the kitchen-maid make her appearance one morning decked out to kill, with gloves and a parasol

Two of them only struck her with their tails, but the third hit her a square blow with its head. Fortunately, the blow fell on the stern, otherwise the shock was sufficient, had it caught her amidships, to have stove in a couple of planks.

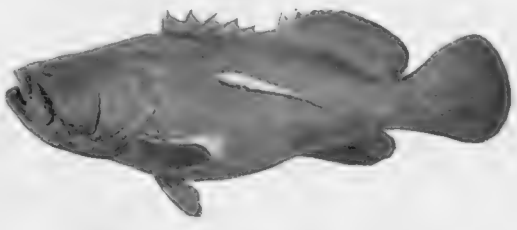
There are also, however, plenty of lethargic sharks in these waters. You can see them lying apparently asleep in deep water. Their skin is covered with hard, bead-like nodules, known in trade as shagreen, and used for covering sword-hilts, etc. Their mouth is dissimilar to that of the ordinary shark. It contains harmless teeth, identical with those covering the skin. It is more the mouth of a sucker with feelers. This reference to the sucker is not intended to apply to those fish known as suckers which attach themselves by a Venetian-blind sort of apparatus on their heads to all fish large enough to carry them about. These suckers are particularly devoted to sharks because, through their agency, they are favoured with a more plentiful food supply than would be the case with fish which swallowed their food whole. The shark indulges in so much cutting and tearing of his prey as to become a liberal host to his surrounding suckers. For this

"*ROBINSON CRUSOE LTD.*"

How to Catch Turtle

reason the suckers overwhelm the sharks with their parasitic attentions. Often a shark is completely covered by suckers. In this uncomfortable state he will take a mighty spinning leap in the air, scattering the four-feet suckers in a spray. He will speed away out of range, leaving the disconsolate suckers to attach themselves to the boat, to a bather, or to anything handy.

Suckers are probably the origin of what is spoken of as the pilot-fish, which is supposed to lead the shark to food. The true yarn is just the reverse of this. It is the shark which leads the little fish to food. We often saw a school of tiny fish accompanying a shark, and always keeping a few inches from his nose. It was probably not worth his while to eat them. No fear is displayed by fish in these waters of sharks. They pass within three feet of sharks, but appear to avoid them when head on.



A 300 lb. Jew fish, with sucker fish attached

Often shark and other big fish become completely covered by suckers. They will then take a mighty spinning leap, scattering these parasites in a spray

In the last chapter I referred to the turtles for which we kept a bright look-out. At that time they were still out in deep water awaiting the arrival of their principal food—the curious little thimble fish, like ill-formed, dark green jelly-fish, the size and shape of a thimble. We saw an occasional hawksbill, from which tortoise-shell is procured, feeding upon the sea-grass, and one day, wading along the coast with the grains, I almost stepped upon one, scaring him so that he escaped. It was now the first week in April, and in places the sea was thick with turtle food (thimbles). For all that, hawksbills were rare. The law which exists, prohibiting the trading of young turtles with the tortoise-shell buyers, does not appear to affect curio collectors, who purchase them in large quantities for the American market. A big hawksbill is a valuable prize to a native, who realises about 20*s.* per lb. for the shell, which, in the case of a large turtle, weighs as much as 8 lb.

There are various methods of catching turtle. To begin with the least effective. The suckers, described above, are requisitioned as agents. When a turtle is seen, the sucker, to the tail of which is tied a string, is payed out until it attaches itself to the turtle. The turtle is then played until it can be secured. A more scientific method is to net them. Upon sighting a turtle at the bottom of the sea, the fisherman drops over it a cone-shaped net, the bottom of which is kept open by a circular iron hoop, about 3 ft. in diameter. When the turtle finds itself surrounded by this trap, it endeavours to escape upwards and becomes enmeshed. A more sporting method than netting them was adopted by Man Friday. He used to dive for them from the boat. As the turtle lay resting on the bottom, he would seize it fore and aft by the back shell and tilt the front part upwards.

The efforts of the captured one to free itself quickly brought both turtle and Man Friday to the surface. A ticklish business this. The greatest care must be taken to avoid its mouth, otherwise it would snap your

Every now and again sponging crews would call in to tot out and clean their catches

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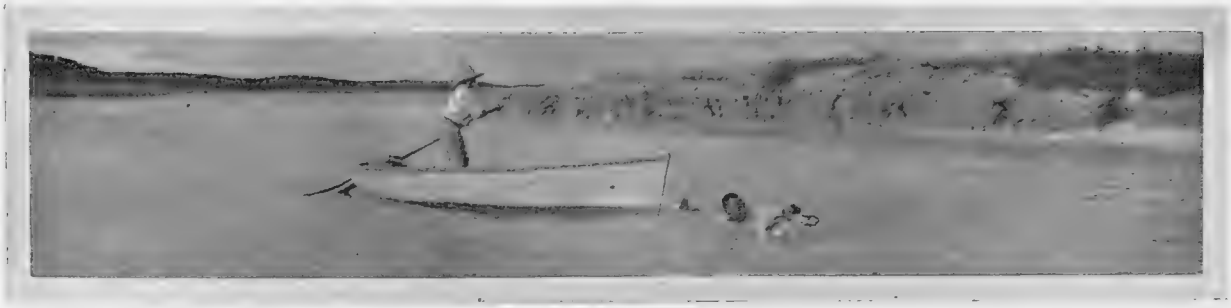
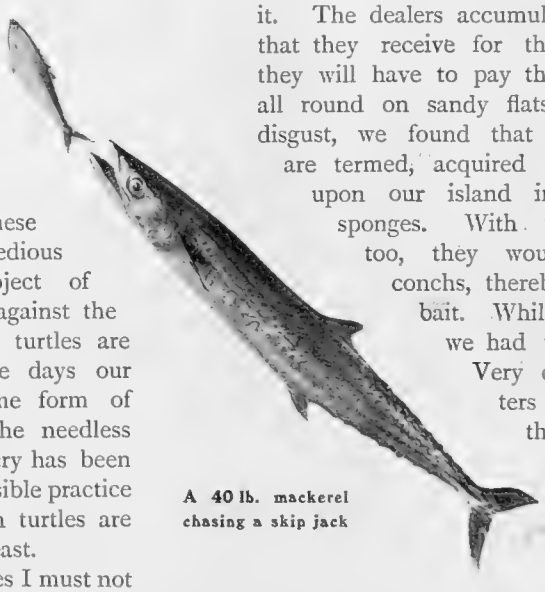
"Spongers" and Pink Pearls



Suddenly Man Friday dived, to reappear grasping firmly fore and aft a fine hawksbill turtle with about £20 of tortoise-shell upon it

hand off. After Man Friday had secured his prize, and had recovered his wind, he used to invite us to dive for the next one. These invitations were always most politely declined by the skipper and myself.

It was always a great evening in camp when turtles figured on the day's catch. They made the finest stews imaginable. Like green turtles and loggerheads, hawksbills at this time of the year used to seek a sandy shore where they would come at night to lay their eggs. Catching them on these occasions involved long and tedious waiting. While on the subject of turtles I must make a protest against the inhuman manner in which green turtles are shipped to England. In these days our squeamishness takes the welcome form of preventing, whenever possible, the needless suffering of dumb animals. Outcry has been raised about many a less reprehensible practice than the manner in which green turtles are shipped to make an Aldermanic feast.



A 40 lb. mackerel chasing a skip jack

While on the subject of industries I must not forget to mention pearls and sponges. The Bahamas are sometimes called, in the spirit of poetry, "The Land of the Pink Pearl." As a matter of fact, the industry is in a very bad way. The hunters would often open a thousand conchs without discovering even an indifferent pearl. As for the pink pearl, fashion will have none of it. The dealers accumulate a supply, only to find that they receive for them very little more than they will have to pay the finders. Sponges grow all round on sandy flats, and, somewhat to our disgust, we found that the "spongers," as they are termed, acquired the habit of dropping in upon our island in order to clean their sponges. With their long sponge-hooks, too, they would collect boatloads of conchs, thereby destroying our principal bait. While "spongers" were about, we had to keep a guard in camp. Very disreputable negro characters are to be found among the spongers, and they are adepts in the business of looting stores. Fortunately, the visitation was only a matter of a few days. After this they left us in uninterrupted tenancy of our island.

(TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK)

TWO FISH STORIES

Truthfully would Albert speak of the monster fish he had taken, whilst Man Friday, all smiles, would await his opportunity—

—For telling an outrageous lie

The "Miracles" at Lourdes

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

A "miracle" actually snapshotted

Pilgrims to Lourdes have this year been attending the sacred shrine in larger numbers than ever. In this photograph the woman standing on her pallet had been bedridden for many years. As the priests passed with the Host, she stood upright, as actually shown. A moment later, however, she collapsed. Was it a miracle, or great mental excitement?

A Remarkable Cure from Cancer

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

Mrs. Darby (of Lyme Regis) being congratulated on her miraculous recovery from a terrible disease

One of the many dramatic scenes witnessed at Lourdes lately accompanied the cure of a Mrs. Darby, of Lyme Regis. For a year the unhappy sufferer had been unable to move her right arm, until, after luncheon one day, she took a glass of the holy water. Suddenly, the people sitting around were startled by a joyful cry from the direction of her table. "I can use my arm! I can use my arm! Thank God!" Immediately, the rest of the English pilgrims joined in the chorus of praise, and shouts resounded round the grotto, while new hope shone in the faces of the stricken pilgrims

The Motor in India: Mr. Glidden, the motor globe-trotter, with his Napier at Muttra, on the Jumna

Though the motor is in constant use in the larger cities, such as Bombay and Calcutta, its "toot" is still unknown in most Indian towns. Muttra, where this photograph was taken, is situated on the Jumna, about thirty miles from Agra, and was for centuries a great centre of Buddhism. It is still far from being Europeanised, as can be seen by the curiosity and wonder provoked by the arrival of the Napier "Devil-Machine"

Worldly Short Story No. 42

HOW TRICOTRIN SAW LONDON

By LEONARD MERRICK

(Author of "Whispers About Women," "When Love Flies Out o' the Window," etc.)

TO WORLDLY READERS

Any of our readers who have written stories which they think would be suitable for our Worldly Series are invited to send in their Manuscripts, which must be typewritten. A story by an unknown writer will receive just as much consideration as though it had been written by one of the most celebrated authors of the day, and, if accepted, will be liberally paid for. Only good stories are wanted!

THERE was a day when Tricotrin had fifty francs, and he said to Pitou, who was equally prosperous, "Good-bye to follies, for we have arrived at an epoch in our careers! Do not let us waste our substance on trivial pleasures, or paying the landlord—let us make it a provision for our future!"

"I rejoice to hear you speak for once like a practical man," returned Pitou. "Do you recommend landed property, or an old-age pension?"

"I would suggest, rather, that we apply our riches to some educational purpose, such as travel," explained the poet, producing a railway company's handbill. "By this means we shall enlarge our minds, and somebody has pretended that 'knowledge is power'—it must have been the proprietor of a school. Mon vieux, it is not for nothing that we have 'l'entente cordiale'—one may now spend a Sunday in London at the price of one of Ivonne's hats."

"They say that these London Sunday trips are a plot of the English Government to exterminate us," demurred Pitou, "since it is well known that none but English people could survive a Sunday in London."

"What a base suspicion!" cried Tricotrin. "Are we not also offered the choice of Brighton and Eastbourne—those rollicking resorts of the fine flower of English fashion? I confess I have long been curious to see England; I am told it is a strange land, where the delivery of milk is conducted with the frenzy of a revolution."

"Your scenario will be considered, and reported on in due course," announced the composer, after a slight pause; "but at the moment of going to press we would rather buy another hat for Ivonne."

And as Ivonne also thought that this would be better for him, it was decided that Tricotrin should set forth alone.

His departure for a foreign country was a solemn event. A small party of the Montmartrois had marched with him to the station, and more than once, in view of their anxious faces, the young man acknowledged mentally that he was committed to a hare-brained scheme.

"Heaven protect thee, my comrade!" faltered Pitou. "Is thy vocabulary safely in thy pocket? Remember that 'un bock' is 'glass of beer.'"

"Here is a small packet of chocolate," murmured Lajeunie, embracing him; "chocolate is very sustaining. In England, I am assured, nothing to eat can be obtained on Sunday."

"And listen!" shouted Goujaud; "on no account take off thy hat to strangers, nor laugh in the streets; the first is 'mad' over there, and the second is 'immoral.' May le bon Dieu have thee in his keeping! We count the hours till thy return!"

Then the train sped out into the night, and the poet realised that home and friends were left behind.

He would have been less than a poet if, in the first few minutes, the pathos of the situation had not gripped him by the throat. Vague, elusive fancies stirred his brain; he remembered the franc that he owed at Le Faisan d'Or, and wondered if Madame would speak gently of him were he lost at sea. Tender memories of past loves dimmed his eyes, and he reflected how poignant it would be to perish before the papers would give him any obituary notices. Regarding his fellow passengers, he lamented that none of them was a beautiful girl, for it was an occasion on which woman's sympathy would have been sweet. Indeed he proceeded to invent some of the things that they might have said to each other Inwardly he was still resenting the faces of his travelling companions when the train reached Dieppe.

"It is material for my biography," he soliloquised, as he crept down the gangway: "'Few who saw the young man step firmly on to the good ship's deck conjectured the emotions that tore his heart; few recognised him to be Tricotrin, whose work was in 1906 practically unknown!'" But as a matter of fact he did arouse conjectures of a kind, for when the boat moved from the quay, he could not resist the opportunity to murmur, "My France, farewell!" with an appropriate gesture.

His repose during the night was fitful, and when Victoria was reached at last, he was conscious of some bodily fatigue. However, his mind was never slow to receive impressions, and he whipped out his note-book on the platform. He wrote, "The English people are very prompt of action. One day it was perceived that le Gare Victoria was capable of improvement; immediately, an army of contractors were feverishly enlarging it." Pleased that his journey

Another Worldly Story Next Week

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was already yielding such good results, the poet lit a Caporal, and sauntered through the yard.

Though the sky promised a fine Sunday, his view of London at this early hour was not inspiriting. He loitered blankly, debating which way to wander. Presently the outlook brightened—he observed a very dainty pair of shoes and ankles coming through the station doors. Fearing that the face might be unworthy of them, he did not venture to raise his gaze until the girl had nearly reached the gate, but when he took the risk, he was rewarded by the discovery that her features were as piquante as her feet.

She came towards him slowly, and now he remarked that she had a grudge against Fate; her pretty lips were compressed, her beautiful eyes gloomy with grievance, the fairness of her brow was darkened by a frown. "Well," mused Tricotrin, "though the object of my visit is educational, the exigencies of my situation clearly compel me to ask this young lady to direct me somewhere. Can I summon up enough English before she has passed?"

It was a trying moment, for already she was nearly abreast of him. Forgetful of Goujaud's instructions —as well as of most of the phrases that had been committed to memory—the poet swept off his hat, and stammered, "Mees, I beg your pardon!"

She turned the aggrieved eyes to him inquiringly. Although she had paused, she made no answer. Was his accent so atrocious as all that? For a second they regarded each other dumbly, while a blush of embarrassment mantled the young man's cheeks. Then, with a little gesture of apology, the girl said in French—

"I do not speak English, monsieur."

"Oh, le bon Dieu be praised!" said Tricotrin, for all the world as if he had been back on the Boulevard Rochechouart. "I was dazed with travel, or I should have recognised you were a Frenchwoman. Did you, too, leave Paris last night, mademoiselle?"

"Oh, no," said the girl pensively, "I have been in London for months. I hoped to meet a friend who wrote that she would arrive this morning, but"—she sighed—"she has not come!"

"Doubtless she will arrive to-night instead; I should have no anxiety. You may be certain she will arrive to-night, and this contretemps will be forgotten."

She pouted. "I was looking forward so much to seeing her! To a stranger who cannot speak the language, London is as triste as a tomb. To-day, I was to have had a companion, and now——"

"Indeed, I sympathise with you," replied Tricotrin. "But is it really so—London is what you describe? You alarm me! I am here absolutely alone. Where then shall I go this morning?"

"There are churches," she said, after some reflection.

"And besides?"

"Well, there are more churches."

"Of course, such things can be seen in Paris also," demurred Tricotrin. "It is not essential to travel to a foreign land to say one's prayers. If I may take the liberty of applying to you, in which direction would you recommend me to turn my steps? For example, where is Soho—is it too far for a walk?"

"No, monsieur, it is not very far—it is the quarter in which I lodge."

"And do you return there now?" he asked eagerly.

"What else is there for me to do? My friend is not come, and——"

"Mademoiselle," exclaimed the poet. "I entreat you to have mercy on a compatriot! Permit me, at least, to seek Soho in your company—do not, I implore you, leave me homeless and helpless in a strange country! I notice an eccentric vehicle which instinct whispers is an English 'hansom.' For years I have aspired to drive in an English hansom once! It is in your power to fulfil my dream with effulgence. Will you consent to instruct the acrobat who is performing with a whip, and to take a seat in the English hansom beside me?"

"Monsieur," responded the pretty girl graciously, "I shall be charmed," and romantic as the incident appears, the next minute they were driving along Victoria Street together.

"The good kind fairies have certainly taken me under their wings," declared Tricotrin, as he admired his companion's profile. "It was worth enduring the pangs of exile, to meet with such kindness as you have shown me!"

"I am afraid you will speedily pronounce the fairies fickle," she said, "for our drive will soon be over, and you will find Soho no fairyland."

"How comes it that your place of residence is so unsuitable to you, mademoiselle?"

"I lodge in the neighbourhood of the coiffeur's where I am engaged, monsieur—where I handle the 'tails' and 'transformations.' Our speciality is imitation eyelashes; the attachment is quite invisible—and the result, absolutely ravishing! No," she added hurriedly, "I am not wearing a pair myself; these are quite natural, word of honour! But we undertake to impart to any eyes the gaze soulful, or the twinkle coquettish, as the customer desires—as an artist, I assure you that these expressions are due, less to the eyes themselves than to the shade, and especially the form, of the lashes. Many a woman has entered our saloon entirely insignificant, and turned the heads of all the men in the street a quarter of an hour later, when she left."

"You interest me, profoundly," said Tricotrin. "At the same time, I shall never know in future whether I am being thrilled by a woman's eyes or by the handiwork of her coiffeur. I say 'in future,' for here and now, believe me, I entertain no doubt as to the source of my sensations."

She rewarded him for this by a glance that dazzled him, and soon afterwards the hansom came to a standstill amid an overpowering odour of cheese.

"We are arrived!" she proclaimed; "so it is now that we part, monsieur. For me there is the little lodging—for you the enormous London. It is Soho —wander where you will! There are restaurants hereabout where one may breakfast at a modest price. Accept my thanks for your escort, and let us say 'adieu.'"

"Are the restaurants so unsavoury that you decline to honour them?" he questioned.

"Comment?"

"Will you not bear me company? Or, better still,

(*Continued on page 650*)

Autumn and the Camera

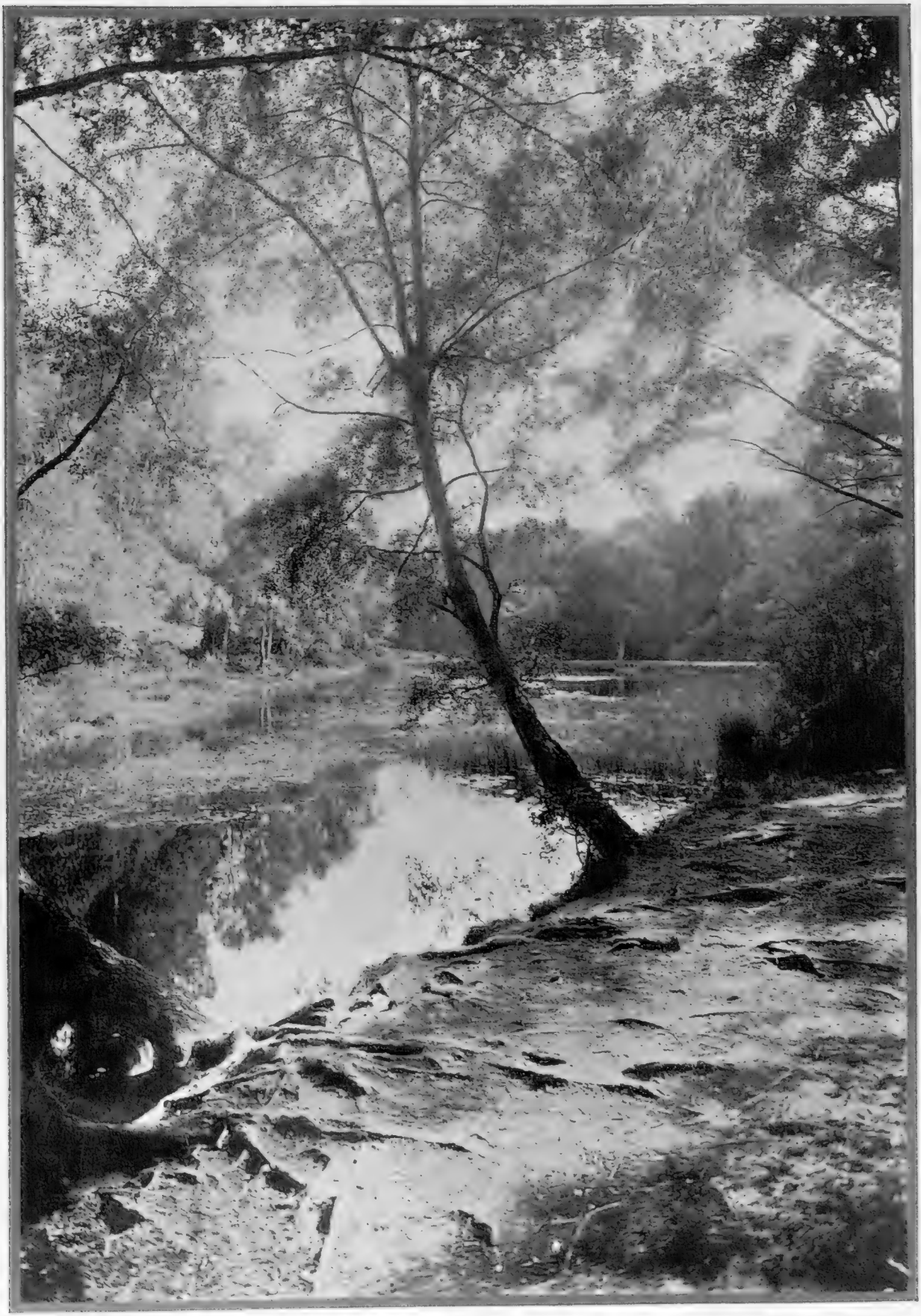


Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

By a Lake in Burnham Beeches: A Study in Foliage and Shadows

(Continued from page 648)

will you not let me command a breakfast for two to be sent to your apartment, and invite me to rest after my journey in your home?"

She hesitated. "My apartment is very humble," she said, "and—well, I have never done a thing like that! It would not be correct. What would you think of me if I consented?"

"I will think all that you would have me think," vowed Tricotrin. "Come, take pity on me! Ask me in, and afterwards we will admire the sights of London together. Where shall I go to order the breakfast?"

"As for that," she said, "there is no necessity—I have a breakfast for two already prepared. Enfin, it is understood—we are to be good comrades, and nothing more? Will you give yourself the trouble of entering, monsieur?"

The bedroom to which they mounted was shabby, but far from unattractive. The mantelshelf was brightened with flowers, a piano was squeezed into a corner, and Tricotrin had scarcely put aside his hat when he was greeted by the odour of most excellent coffee.

"If this is London," he cried, "I have no fault to find with the city! I own it is abominably selfish of me, but I cannot bring myself to regret that your friend failed to arrive this morning; indeed, I shudder to think what would have become of me if we had not met! Will you mention the name that is to figure in my benizons?"

"My name is 'Rosalie Durand,' monsieur."

"And mine is 'Gustave Tricotrin,' mademoiselle—always your servant! In Paris, at this moment, there are men who picture me, I do not doubt, tramping the pavement, desolate. Not one of them but would envy me from his heart if he could see my situation!"

"It might have fallen out worse, I admit," said the girl. "My own day was at the point of being dull to tears—and here I am chattering as if I hadn't a grief in the world! Let me persuade you to take another croissant!"

"Fervently I wish that appearances were not deceptive!" said Tricotrin, who required little persuasion. "Is it indiscreet to inquire to what griefs you allude? Upon my word, your position appears a very pretty one! Where do those dainty shoes pinch you?"

"They are not easy on foreign soil, monsieur. When I reflect that you go back to-night, that to-morrow you will be again in Paris, I could gnash my teeth with jealousy."

"But, ma foi," returned Tricotrin, "to a girl of brains, like yourself, Paris is always open. Are there no customers for eyelashes in France? Why condemn yourself to gnash with jealousy when there is a living to be earned at home?"

"There are several reasons," she said; "for one thing, I am an extravagant little hussy, and I haven't saved enough money for my ticket."

"I have heard no reason yet! At the moment my pocket is nicely lined—you might return with me this evening."

"Are you mad by any chance?" she laughed.

"It seems to me the natural course. What hint of insanity is there about it?"

"Well, I should not be free to go like that, even if I took your money. I am a business woman, you see, who does not sacrifice her interests to her sentiment. What is your own career, Monsieur Tricotrin?"

"I am a poet. And when I am back in Paris I shall write verse about you. The title shall be 'One Day in London'; I shall describe Peeccadeelly and the Lor' Maire as they present themselves to him who views them dazzled by the girl he loves."

"Forbidden ground!" she cried, admonishing him with a finger. "No dazzle!"

"I apologise," said Tricotrin; "you shall find me a poet of my word. Why, I declare," he exclaimed, glancing from the window, "it has begun to rain!"

"Well, fortunately, we have plenty of time; there is all day for our excursion, and we can wait for the weather to improve. If you do not object to smoking a cigarette while I sing, monsieur, I propose a little music to go on with."

And it turned out that this singular assistant of a hairdresser had a very sympathetic voice, and no contemptible repertoire. Although the sky had now broken its promise shamefully and the downpour continued, Tricotrin found nothing to complain of. By mid-day one would have said that they had been comrades for years. By luncheon both had even ceased to regard the rain. And before evening approached, they had confided to each other their histories from the day of their birth.

Ascertaining that the basement boasted a smudgy servant girl, who was to be dispatched for entrées and sauterne, Tricotrin drew up the menu of a magnificent dinner as the climax. It was conceded that at this repast he should be the host; and having placed him on oath behind a screen, Rosalie proceeded to make an elaborate toilette in honour of his entertainment.

Determined, as he had said, to prove himself a poet of his word, the young man remained behind the screen as motionless as a waxwork, but the temptation to peep was tremendous, and at the whispering of a silk petticoat he was unable to repress a groan.

"What ails you?" she demanded, the whispering suspended.

"I merely expire with impatience to meet you again."

"Monsieur, I am hastening to the trysting-place. And my costume will be suitable to the occasion, believe me!"

"In that case, if you are not quick, you will have to wear crêpe. However, proceed! I can suffer with the best of them. . . . Are you certain that I can be of no assistance? I feel selfish, idling here like this. Besides, since I am able to see ——"

"See?" she screamed.

"—— see no reason why you should refuse my aid, my plight is worse still! What are you doing now?"

"My hair," she announced.

"Surely it would not be improper for me to view a head of hair?"

"Perhaps not, monsieur; but my head is on my shoulders—which makes a difference!"

"Mademoiselle," sighed Tricotrin, "never have I known a young lady who had her head on her shoulders more tightly! May I crave one indulgence? My

(Continued on page 652)

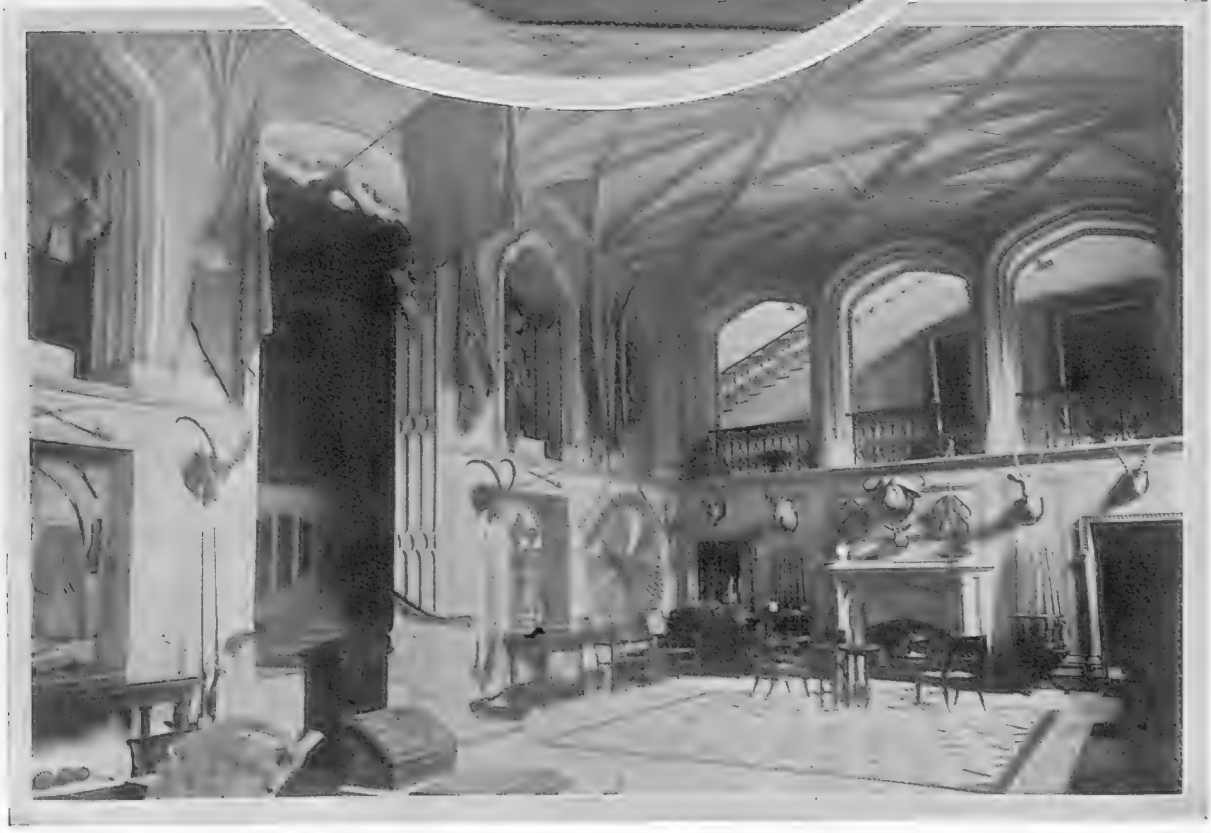
"The Castle of the Vale"

BELVOIR CASTLE, THE DUKE OF RUTLAND'S HISTORIC HOME

(1)
Reredos in the Chapel showing "The Holy Family," one of Murillo's most famous pictures

(2)
The entrance passage to the Guard Room, showing the old muskets and cartridge pouches

(3)
The approach to Belvoir Castle



Photos] **(4) The Guard Room at Belvoir Castle** *[Leonard Willoughby*

Replete as Belvoir is with interest and associations, probably the greatest centre of attraction is the Guard Room or Hall, with its swords, rifles, armour, pictures, and even cannon. The remainder of the reception rooms are on the first floor, including the Regent's Gallery, which was specially prepared for the Regent in 1814, and the library. The Picture Gallery contains works by all the best masters, including Holbein's famous picture of Henry VIII.

(*Continued from page 650*)

imprisonment would be less painful for a cigarette—and I cannot reach the matches; will you consent to pass them round the screen?"

"That is against the rules! But I will consent to throw them over the top. Catch! Why don't you say 'thank you'?"

"Because your unjust suspicion killed me. I now need nothing but immortelles; and at dinner I will compose my epitaph. If I am not mistaken, I already smell the soup on the stairs."

And the soup had scarcely entered when his guest presented herself. Paquin and the Fairy Godmother would have approved her gown; as to her coiffure, if her employer could have seen it, he would have wanted to put her in his window. Tricotrin gave her his arm with stupefaction. "Upon my word," he faltered, "you awe me! I am now overwhelmed with embarrassment that I had the temerity to tease you while you dressed. And what shall I say of the host who is churl enough to welcome you in such a shabby coat!"

The cork went pop, their tongues went nineteen to the dozen, and the time went so rapidly that a little clock on the chest of drawers became a positive killjoy.

"By all the laws of dramatic effect," remarked the poet, as they trifled with the almonds-and-raisins, "you will now divulge that the fashionable lady before me is no 'Rosalie Durand,' of a hairdresser's shop, but Mme. la Comtesse de Thrilling Mystery. Every novel reader would be aware that at this stage you will demand some dangerous service of me, and that I shall forthwith risk my life and win your love."

"That is how it ought to be," she agreed, "without doubt."

"Is it impossible?"

"That I can be a Countess?"

"Well, we will waive the 'Countess'; and for that matter I will not insist on risking my life; but what about the love?"

"Without the rest," she demurred, "the situation would be too commonplace. When I can tell you that I am a Countess I will say also that I love you; to-night I am Rosalie Durand—your friend. By the way, now I come to think of it, I shall be all that you have seen in London!"

"Why, I declare, so you will!" exclaimed Tricotrin. "Really this is a nice thing! I come to England for the benefit of my education—and when it is almost time for me to return, I find that I have spent the whole of the day in a room."

"But you have, at least, had a unique experience?" she queried, with a whimsical smile.

"Well, yes; my journey has certainly yielded an adventure that none of my acquaintances would credit!" he acknowledged. "Do you laugh at me?"

"Far from it; by-and-by I may even spare a tear for you—if you do not spoil the day by being clumsy at the end."

"Ah, Rosalie," cried the susceptible poet, "how can I bear the parting? What is France without you? I am no longer a Frenchman—my true home is now England! My heart will hunger for it, my thoughts will stretch themselves to it across the sea; banished to Montmartre, I shall mourn daily for the white cliffs of Albion, for Soho, and for you!"

"I, too, shall remember," she murmured. "But perhaps one of these days you will come to England again?"

"If a ticket could be paid for with devotion, I would come every Sunday; but how can I hope to amass enough money? Such things do not happen twice. No, I will not deceive myself—this is our farewell. See!" He rose, and turned the little clock with its face to the wall. "When that clock strikes, I must go to catch my train—in the meanwhile we will ignore the march of time. Farewells, tears, regrets, let us forget that they exist—let us drink the last glass together gaily, mignonne!"

They pledged each other with brave smiles, hand in hand. And now their chatter became fast and furious, to drown the clock's impatient tick.

The clockwork wheezed and whirred.

"'Tis going to part us," shouted Tricotrin; "laugh, laugh, Beloved, so that we may not hear!"

"Kiss me," she cried, "while the hour strikes you shall hold me in your arms!"

"Heaven," gasped the young man, as the brief embrace concluded, "how I wish it had been midnight!"

The next moment came the separation. He descended the stairs; at the window she waved her hand to him. And in the darkness of an "English hansom" the poet covered his face and wept.

. . . . . .

"From our hearts we rejoice to have thee safely back!" they chorused in Montmartre. "And what did'st thou see in London?"

"Oh, mon Dieu, what noble sights!" exclaimed Tricotrin. "The Lor' Maire blazes with jewels like the Shah of Persia; and compared with Peeccadeelly, the Grands Boulevards are no wider than a hatband. Never in my life have I admired a city so much. Vive l'Entente Cordiale! Positively my brain whirls with all the splendours of London I have seen!"

LEONARD MERRICK.

MAINLY ABOUT POETS

'Tis folly to assume that verse
  Is easy to compose,
For it is quite as hard to write
  As any kind of prose,
And yields but little current coin
  As every poet knows!

Imagine not that subtle rhymes
  Will furnish meat and drink,
A ream a day would hardly pay
  The value of the ink,
A state of things which makes the mind
  From such endeavours shrink.

And yet the ever-patient bard
  Still gives us of his best,
We may regret and marvel, yet
  The cause is manifest.
'Tis Hope which springs eternal in
  The minor poet's breast!

He finds himself illustrious,
  His name on every tongue,
His choicest themes he hears (in dreams)
  By Prima Donnas sung,
And from the ladder's dizzy height
  Scarce sees the bottom rung!

And while he revels in the bliss
  Celebrity begets,
The postman rings and either brings
  Reminders of his debts,
Or else a printed form which reads:—
  "The Editor regrets —— !"

"Bystander Everywhere" Competition (Third Series)

(*For Particulars of this Competition, see page* xii)

"The Bystander" in Bengal

Sent by Mr. C. H. SALMON, Resident Engineer, Rutaul, Chumparan, Bengal. He says: "The snapshot shows one of your readers on a railway trolley on which we travel from place to place. It was taken on the Northern extension of the Bengal and North-Western Railway"

"The Bystander" on the Ill-fated "Montagu"

Photographed by Mr. DESMOND YOUNG, Taieri, Huyton, Liverpool. He says: "THE BYSTANDER is being read during the dinner-hour on board the wrecked battleship *Montagu* at Lundy Island while salving two of the monster 12 in. guns. The photograph shows one of the divers of the Liverpool Salvage Association reading the paper"

"The Bystander" in New Mexico

Mr. JOHN S. BERGER, Magdalena, New Mexico, writes: "The Magdalena Mountain, in the background, takes its name from the face, clearly to be seen on the Northern slopes, formed by a denudation of the soil, surrounded by small bushes and undergrowth"

"The Bystander" in British Columbia

The sender, Mr. D. K. HYDE PARKER, Crofton, Vancouver Island, British Columbia, says: "I am sending a photograph of a friend of mine reading THE BYSTANDER on her verandah. She receives the paper weekly from England. Crofton is about sixty miles from Victoria"

The Crisis in Cuba: View of the Fort and Harbour at Havana

Havana has once again been the scene of civil war, for the Cubans, even when freed from the yoke of Spain, now rebel against the yoke of each other. The capital ("where the cigars come from") is on the North of the vast island, and its harbour is, as seen, well defended by forts. The streets of the old town are narrow and dirty, but since the American eagle spread its wings over the island, it has vastly improved, though sky-scrapers have not, as yet, entirely removed the beauty of its appearance from the sea

FROM ABROAD

The Cape to Cairo Railway

Is the Venture Justified?

Day by day, mile by mile, the Cape to Cairo Railway creeps nearer to that completion which was the dream of its inspirer, Cecil Rhodes. It has now reached a region 2,000 miles North of Cape Town, and has penetrated the very h art of Zambesia. Near to its present terminus, Broken Hill, is the fine new bridge over the Kafue river, which is 1,300 ft. in length. An idea of its structure is given by the accompanying photograph. Cynics and anti-Imperialists may see, in this, yet another example of what they will call wasted effort. Why, they may claim, persist in this Cape to Cairo chimera? Even supposing it to be a mechanical fact in a few years time, and that the Egyptian system penetrating South from the Nile does actually link with the South African system penetrating North. What then? A man will, it is true, be able to enter the terminal station in Cairo, and say to an Egyptian booking clerk, in ringing tones of magnificent and sweeping conceit, "First, single, Cape, please, and look sharp about it!" But will that be a sufficient reward for the enormous expenditure? Will merchants and manufacturers make use of the line, and incur its heavy freights and risks in sending produce across the African Continent, where shipment by sea would be as safe and far cheaper? Perhaps not. But this view omits to consider the fact that "Cape to Cairo" is but a phrase. The railway will connect up various portions of Africa. It will link not only North and South, but East and West, Uganda, Zambesia, Nigeria—regions hitherto widely remote will be in future in touch with each other, with who knows what vast effect on the prosperity of the whole African Continent?

The Kafue Bridge, near Broken Hill

The fine new bridge, 1,300 ft. long, which spans the Kafue, a tributary of the Zambesi. The railway has now reached Broken Hill, 2,000 miles North of Cape Town

* * *

Isles of Unrest—Cuba

The famous smile that so distinguishes King Alfonso is happily expressive, just now, of the political feelings of his subjects, the Spaniards. Laugh! Spaniards must be (vulgarly speaking) tickled to death at the contemplation of things as Uncle Sam finds them in Cuba. It was eight years ago that stern-faced President McKinley (with the U.S. public opinion at his back) said to Spain: "This war must cease." "Exactly," replied the Dons. "But how?" "By taking yourselves off, bag and baggage." Spain took herself off, after a little show of resistance, and the world was to witness how good and gentle a person was a Cuban rebel, if only left to himself. He was all very well, for a year or two. Then the awakening. The present spectacle of the Cuban "nation"

Inspection train arrives at Broken Hill, the present terminus of the Cape to Cairo Railway

FROM ABROAD

The Latest Resignation of Crete's Governor

in arms against itself, threatening to abolish its own chosen President, the ex-rebel Palma, is, indeed, a droll one for Spain, and the notion that President Roosevelt, by landing a few troops, is going to restore to "order" an island that is never happy unless in rebellion against someone is an especially spicy jest for King Alfonso's subjects, who have had experience.

* * *

Crete

Cuba, however, is not the only island which makes one doubt whether chaos was really eliminated from the earth with the Creation. Far from it geographically, but its double politically, is Crete. Crete is Europe's Cuba—an island defiant of all government, good, bad, or indifferent. The Cretans, who, originally, thought that a Royal figurehead was the one thing needful for the happiness of their island, have discovered, after a few years of him, that Prince George of Greece was not, after all, quite what they wanted. Truly royal, and rather autocratic in his ways and manners, he has succeeded in winning anything but the affection of the islanders, and rumours of his resignation have been rife. A few months ago they assumed definite shape, and Prince George's resignation was announced. Since this, Prince George is said rather to regret the step he took, and once again we do not quite know by whom Crete really is governed.

Prince George of Greece

Whose resignation of the Governorship of Crete is now formally announced. He was appointed to the position by the Powers after the Greco-Turkish War of 1897

From the European point of view, however, the matter is of very small importance, and if the Cretans, about whom St. Paul said such uncomplimentary things, were to proclaim as their sovereign lord, H.M. the Prince of Darkness, it is to be doubted if the Concert of Europe would again allow its harmony to be disturbed by the news.

* * *

The Cannébière

Marseilles has been lately *en fête* in honour of the French President, and Marseilles is a city in which it is second nature to be *en fête*. Few streets in the world can present to the stranger such a spectacle of animation as the *Cannébière*, with its fine cafés and shops, and its enormous concourse of pedestrians of every shade of colour, clad in an endless variety of costumes. No wonder that the *Marseillais* claim that their boulevard surpasses any that Paris possesses. President Fallières, I believe, enjoyed himself down South.

The French President's Visit to Marseilles: A view of the Rue Cannébière

The street which Marseilles claims to be the finest boulevard in France, and infinitely superior to anything possessed by Paris. It is certainly one of the brightest and most animated thoroughfares in the world. Cafés and fine shops abound, and it is intersected by beautiful squares with fine trees. Passing to and fro may be seen a wide variety of French provincials, in peasant costumes, and also visitors from all parts of the Mediterranean and from Africa

THE LIBRARY

By VIVIAN CARTER

Books to Order this Week

"Sinless." By Maud H. Yardley. (Sisley's, Ltd. : 6*s*.)
"Prisoners." By Mary Cholmondeley. (Hutchinson : 6*s*.)
"Letters to a Daughter." By Hubert Bland. (Werner Laurie : 3*s*. 6*d*.)
"Experiences of the Island of Cyprus." By B. Stewart. (Skeffingtons : 6*s*.)
"The Car of Destiny." By C. N. and A. M. Williamson. (Methuen : 6*s*.)
"The Private War." By L. J. Vance. (Grant Richards : 6*s*.)
"The Eglamore Portraits." By Mary E. Mann. (Methuen : 6*s*.)
"The House of Islam." By Marmaduke Pickthall. (Methuen : 6*s*.)

A GLANCE AT AUTUMN PUBLICATIONS

Where Is It?

About two years ago, in a letter to THE BYSTANDER, Miss Marie Corelli announced that she was "preparing another romance for the Press which will, I fear, be of such a 'startling' type as possibly to explode this poor planet whereon I and others crawl!" As Miss Corelli has elsewhere announced that she never broke a promise, perhaps I may be permitted to address her an inquiry as to the progress of the preparation in question? *God's Good Man's* chronological successor, *The Treasure of Heaven*, contained a great number of allusions to the fourth estate, but these were scarcely of the explosive type so fondly looked for. In fact, I do not think any of them would startle the most mouse-like critic who ever nibbled at a novelist's cheese.

* * *

Is Reviewing a Romish Plot?

Miss Corelli's other notable outburst since the date in question is an article in the *Rapid Review*, entitled "The Comfort of Criticism," in which she delivers herself of one or two characteristic attacks on critics. Is this the bombshell that should come, or look we for another? The most notable piece of information contained in the article is Miss Corelli's discovery of a corpulent monk at Farnborough, who confessed to her that he "wrote for the papers—sometimes," and on being asked what, "did not altogether deny the soft impeachment of occasional reviewing work." Whereby Miss Corelli remarks that—

> It must be quite inexpensive to employ monks as reviewers of books, if, indeed, they are occasionally so employed. They are celibates, and, living in community as they do, they should be able to work at one-half the price the ordinary reviewer on the staff of a newspaper might deem it his right to demand. One of the most brilliant reviewers on *The British Weekly* is, or used to be, a Roman Catholic priest, so I am told, though not a monk. It is as well to know this, as there is often a little difficulty in finding out who some of the reviewers are especially when they do not sign their names.

I am sure everybody will be most interested to know that reviewing is only part of the great Romish conspiracy. But I hope Miss

Photo *Kate Pragnell*

The late Mrs. R. B. Cunninghame-Grahame

Wife of the well-known traveller, politician, and author, who was herself an author and dramatist. She was a Spaniard by birth

Corelli is not going to rest content with this article in fulfilment of her pledge to startle the Press? She has more, likely? Can we, indeed, not hope that, having now so thoroughly earned her laurels as a novelist, and commanding the attention of so enormous a public, she will concentrate her attention entirely on criticising her critics?

* * *

The Autumn Season

As to the autumn publishing season, nobody can, I imagine, deny that, so far, it has been a woman's show. Preceded by Miss Corelli's afore-mentioned *Treasure of Heaven*, and the late Mrs. Craigie's *Dream and the Business*, both of them, at any rate, books which attracted wide attention, the season was actually inaugurated by Miss Marjorie Bowen's striking *Viper of Milan*, which has already run to a third edition. The reappearance, too, of Miss Cholmondeley with *Prisoners*, to which I refer later, is a notable and welcome fact. Mrs. Williamson, Miss L. G. Moberley, Mrs. Mary E. Mann, Miss Helen Mathers, have contributed new novels. Practically, the only notable book by a male author of standing has been Mr. Hichens's *Call of the Blood*. Where are Messrs. Hardy, Conan Doyle, Kipling, Anthony Hope, and Stanley Weyman? And has the theatre quite captured Mr. Hall Caine?

* * *

"The Eglamore Portraits"

Few women writers possess the knack of making a charming story out of the tiniest material as Mrs. Mary E. Mann possesses it. *The Eglamore Portraits* (Methuen : 6*s*.) sounds pretentious. It is, however, the veriest chick-abiddy of a novel. It begins, as it were, with a bill and ends in a coo, and the intermediate portion is occupied with a tear or two. Clarence and Juliet are a newly married couple, who think each other the "essential juice of pine-apple," to quote Mr. Mantalini. Only when Juliet's mother, Mrs. Cummin, comes in and protests against the portraits of Clarence's beloved parents hanging on the walls in place of those painted specially for Juliet by her cousin Anna, is there trouble. Clarence insists on having his way, Juliet insists on having her mother's. Of course, there is a tug-of-war, and into its description the clever author contrives to work quite a lot of pathos. The ending is happy.

Dr. Leyds as Historian

Dr. Leyds (late of the late South African Republic), having contributed a very great deal to the making of history, has now turned his hand to the writing of the same. Mr. Fisher Unwin has published *The First Annexation of the Transvaal*, by which, of course, is meant the little transaction of 1877. It must have been very tantalising to the learned Doctor to have been compelled by the exigencies of history-writing to confine himself to a period so long ago as that, when the more recent history of the Boers would have lent itself so much more attractively to his vigorous pen. However, he contrives to work into the history of the days before Rhodes and Jameson, Milner and Kitchener, plenty of oblique allusions to our worthy selves of to-day. Very amusing, too, is it to note that the Doctor has "utilised only English authorities to avoid any charge of unfairness." As if "unfairness" to England were necessarily a quality to be found only in foreigners!

* * *

A Foggy Romance

Sinless, the first novel alike of its author, Mrs. Maud H. Yardley, and its publishers, Messrs. Sisley's, Ltd., is a creditable performance. It is a bright book, of the old-fashioned *roman à trois* species, but with original details. Two Indian brother-officers, both absent from their grass-widows for ten years, return to London in a hopeless fog. By a simply explained coincidence, one of them, Boyd, accidentally mistakes the wife of the other, Forbes, for the real Mrs. Boyd. This would easily have been adjusted had it not been for the awkward fact that they fall in love with each other, which, as they believed themselves to be man and wife, was a highly proper thing for them to do. It has awkward consequences, however. Her real husband claims her, and the lover has, perforce, to attach himself to his own wife. The body of the book deals with the relative emotions of the four chief characters: (1) Mrs. Forbes, bored with her real husband, and aching for Boyd; (2) Boyd, bored with his real wife, and pining for Mrs. Forbes; (3) Forbes, fat and irritable, boring his own wife, but very jealous of her; (4) Mrs. Boyd—whose position between the three of them can better be imagined than told. However, the the story ends happily by the right people (in nature, if not in law) mating with each other. The heroine is "sinless," of course. As remarked before, she thought he *was* her husband, and he thought she *was* his wife, and if there were any breach of any commandment, which caused any awkward consequences, it was committed in peerless faith. A bright story, which I hope is prophetic of much good to come from the new publishing house of Sisley.

Dr. Leyds

Ex-Secretary of State for the Transvaal, whose history of "The First Annexation of the Transvaal" is now published (Fisher Unwin)

* * *

A Very Eastern Story

The House of Islam (Methuen: 6*s*.) is quite a detached affair, and in no way connected with "The Garden of Allah." It is not, oddly enough, by Mr. Robert Hichens at all, but by Mr. Marmaduke Pickthall, and is what I should call a conscientious story of the East, a book in which the accents are to be found on words where you do not look for them, in which names you have generally seen spelt with a "c" are spelt with a "k" (as Mekka), and *vice versâ* (as Coràn); which has a "vee" where you look for a "wee" (wilâyet); and a "y" where you look for an "i" (Sheykh). Altogether, a highly Oriental performance, by a man who obviously knows his East.

Mrs. Maud H. Yardley

Whose first novel, "Sinless," is now published by Messrs. Sisley's (6*s*.)

* * *

The Successor to "Red Pottage"

Miss Mary Cholmondeley has met with a conspiracy of praise in the Press for her new novel, *Prisoners* (Hutchinson: 6*s*.). I wish I could join the merry throng and agree that this novel is a fitting successor to "Red Pottage," but, alas, it cannot be. It is a story with a strangely hackneyed plot—that of a man imprisoned for a murder he did not commit, but to which he has confessed to save the honour of a married woman whom he loves. This woman is a fickle, cowardly person, who, by saying one word, could get her lover released. Instead, however, of doing this, she allows him to languish for years, until a confession by the real murderer sets him free. Meanwhile, the "heroine" has affianced herself to another, and there are complications leading to a tragic ending. If the story had been written by any other than the author of "Red Pottage," one might have praised it as a work of talent by virtue of its literary finish, its occasional flashes of wit, and its analysis of emotions. For, in a way, there is a poetic strength about Miss Cholmondeley's chapters dealing with the feelings of the "prisoners"—the man in gaol and the woman out of it. But

judged by comparison with "Red Pottage," the work is of infinitely lower calibre. "Red Pottage" was a finely built-up fabric; an intuitive character study, conscientious from start to finish, never dull, but often exceedingly humorous and witty — a book to linger in the novel-reader's memory, perhaps, for a generation. One had expected something better than *Prisoners* from its successor.

The story has, I believe, appeared serially. That explains, but does not excuse, a great deal. Miss Cholmondeley has, at any rate, one great and outstanding quality—she is not prolific. If the present book is not of any distinguishing merit, at any rate she has only given us one, and not twelve, this year, and may be, for aught we know, engaged at the moment on something much more worthy of her reputation.

* * *

Letters to a Daughter

I had rather hoped that "Letters" had gone out of the literary fashion for the nonce, after our recent inundation with effusions in this form. However, if they *had* to come in again, they could not make a more auspicious re-entry than by the medium of Mr. Hubert Bland's really admirable *Letters to a Daughter* (T. Werner Laurie: 6*s*.). The writer of the letters hits off just the ideal style for this sort of thing. He writes well and crisply. He is a cynic of sorts, certainly, but not of the phrase-inverting, paradox-hunting *genus*. He is not afraid to rap out good old platitudes on such subjects as "Life at Large," "On Going to Church," "The Glamour of Footlights," "The Rudeness of Women," etc., etc., for all the world as though they were the newest truths. But a few loudly proclaimed platitudes are badly in request by a generation which has, with its Shaws and its Chestertons, been treated to such an orgie of moral topsy-turvydom. Not always, however, is Mr. Bland platitudinous. He is at times original and daring, and though his book will be read largely by those whom one knows as the "goody-goody," it trenches on "holy ground" in more than one passage. He tilts at tee-totalers and non-smokers from the matrimonial standpoint because

> A man who abstains is a man who makes exacting demands on himself, and a man who makes exacting demands upon himself will inevitably make exacting demands on his womankind.

Again—

> It is not that smoking and wine-drinking at dinner are in themselves virtues, but they are indications of the only temperament and attitude towards life which are compatible with true virtue.

He is, perhaps, a little severe on marriage, especially in the chapter devoted to congratulating his daughter on her engagement—

> The institution of marriage is the highest and the stoutest barrier between the sexes that Society has ever set up.

Miss Mary Cholmondeley

Whose novel, "Prisoners," is now published by Hutchinson

> Men marry, just as they die, because they can't help themselves. The impulse to marriage (as things are) is as irresistible as the spear-thrust of Death.

For an engaged girl, furthermore, to be parentally informed that—

> Marriage, as we know it, is the inevitable slayer of romance. Before the intimacy of marriage romance disappears like a mist wreath in the blazing sun.
>
> Marriage kills the thing that made it. It is the outcome of illusion.

is a little discouraging, and scarcely what one would imagine a stern parent would tell a daughter about to enter the holy state. Small wonder that Alexa (the young lady thus abjured), in the last chapter, has broken off the engagement, and I half fear that other young ladies may be moved by the epigrammatic force of Mr. Bland's comment to go and do likewise, which, doubtless, he will be the first, and they themselves the next, to regret.

Literature's Falling Leaves

The bane of my life just now is "insets"—I mean those pamphlets, cataloguettes, almanacs, and other things, of paper and cardboard, which publishers are wont to sandwich in between the leaves of their volumes. It is just as irritating to have one's view of every sixth page of a book obscured by these paper intruders as it is to have a landscape spoiled by a pill-poster. A railway carriage, after I have used it for a journey on a book or two, is papered worse than a forest glade after a beanfeast, while, should I feel disposed to shake a book (an oft-recurring temptation), it sheds its pamphlets like an autumn tree its leaves at a breath of the wild West wind. Publishers have lately been very kind in the matter of cutting edges for the reviewer; will they further oblige by excluding the inset from review copies?

* * *

In Brief

The Car of Destiny tells of the love of a young Spaniard for a friend of Princess Ena, and, as the motor figures prominently in the story, which takes place in Spain in 1906, it must be modern enough to suit all tastes. However, it is not on the same literary level as the authors' "Lady Betty Across the Water," being loosely written and abounding in melodramatic situations. King Alfonso is one of the characters!

Cyprus is not an island of which much is known, therefore Mr. B. Stewart's *Experiences of the Island of Cyprus* (Skeffington: 6*s*.) will be read with much interest. He gives valuable facts and figures, criticises the Government, and unearths the interesting fact that there exists in Cyprus as emphatic a movement for annexation to Greece as there does in Crete; in fact, he throws distinct doubts on the loyalty of the Cypriots.

* * *

Literary Note

The camera has, perhaps, never been put to better use than when turned upon animal life. It has opened up many fascinating studies in this direction, and proved very instructive. Recognising this, Messrs. Hutchinson and Co. had the happy idea of producing a complete natural history, illustrated entirely by the best available photographs, and written by specialists to ensure accuracy, but in a popular style for the general reader. This work, *The Living Animals of the World*, Messrs. Hutchinson will begin to issue on Friday next in the form of 7*d*. parts.

GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

The Irish Open Amateur Championship

August and September may be said to be the season of holiday championships. Personally, I have no strong feeling, like some contemporary writers, against local championships. Everyone is perfectly aware of the fact that there is only one "Simon Pure" among championships for either amateurs or professionals, and so long as this fact is duly remembered I see no objection to every county or subdivision of the United Kingdom having its championship. The Irish Open Amateur Championship, which was brought to a conclusion the other day, is one of the most delightful features of the holiday season. Played annually on the various admirable Irish courses, it provides an excellent excuse for a charming holiday trip, and gives the winner a nice consolation feather in his cap, for it is not often nowadays that the winner of the true Amateur Championship jeopardises his position by competing in minor championships. This year a sterling and rising young golfer in the shape of Mr. H. H. Barker has carried off the Irish honour. I had the pleasure of having a game with Mr. Barker at the time of the Amateur Championship at Prestwick two years ago, and was much struck with his fine style of play. He fell an easy victim, it is true, to that wonderful veteran, Mr. A. M. Ross, but the latter was at the top of his form, and, as most golfers know, Mr. Ross is a very dangerous opponent when he is in the vein.

First Thespian: "And the audience, my boy; you should have seen them. They were glued to their seats!"
Second Ditto: "Ah, a good way of keeping them there"
(Drawn by Fred Buchanan)

A Strong Player

In spite of this early defeat, I felt convinced that Mr. Barker, with increasing experience of big competitions, would justify the promise that I saw in him. Unfortunately, he did not compete at Hoylake this year, so I had no chance of seeing how far he had advanced since the previous year. That he would have given a good account of himself is proved by his two outstanding performances since then; first, his winning the Yorkshire Championship, when he inflicted a heavy defeat on Mr. Lassen in the final; and, secondly, his victory over Mr. J. S. Worthington in the final of the Irish Open Amateur Championship. I sincerely hope Mr. Barker will not confine his talents to local championships next year, but that he will give us a taste of his quality at St. Andrews. However that may be, his defeat of Mr. Worthington gives us a good line to his present form, for anyone who can defeat Mr. Worthington stamps himself at once as a player of the first class. Mr. Worthington's splendid performances two years ago will still be in the recollection of my readers. He was fourth amateur in the Open Championship at Sandwich, winner of the Irish Open Amateur Championship, and runner-up in the South of Ireland Championship. He is one of the strongest players in that constellation of talent which shines at the Mid-Surrey or Richmond course, and is a force to be reckoned with seriously in any competition for which he enters. I have great pleasure in expressing my hearty congratulations to Mr. Barker on having added such a notable scalp to his belt.

The Autumn Meeting at St. Andrews

When these lines appear, the most important event of the close of the amateur season will be in the throes of competition. Second only in importance to the Amateur Championship, the Autumn Medal at St. Andrews is the chief scoring event of the amateur season, and there is no prize that an amateur values more than the King William IV. medal. It is now nearly seventy years since the medal was presented to the club, and during that time most of the great names in amateur golfing annals may be found inscribed among the list of winners. Last year Mr. Barry was successful with rather a poor score, while the previous year was made memorable by Mr. Norman Hunter's record score of 74. Judging by his performance in the recent Jubilee Vase Competition, Mr. Hunter is in great form. But it is idle to attempt to prognosticate who will be the winner in a field which comprises almost the entire pick of the amateurs. What a charming week of golf the two meetings of the Royal Ancient Club afford! In the Spring the numbers are smaller, but at either meeting you are sure to meet hosts of old friends, and to be able to renew your battles of yore.

Ernest Lehmann.

Lawn Tennis: America's Coming Men

Details of the U.S. Championship Meeting are now to hand. Last week, after seeing the bare result, I hazarded the conjecture that Beals Wright, the holder, had probably not recovered sufficiently from the effects of his accident to show his best form, but that, even so, W. J. Clothier, who beat him, must have come on a lot since he was over here in 1905, and the guess appears to have been about right. After narrowly escaping defeat in the fifth round (there were 107 entries) at the hands of F. B. Alexander, who, on the Riviera early in 1905, defeated both Ritchie and E. R. Allen, Clothier did not lose another set, and the mixture of dash and coolness which he showed against Wright, whom he beat 6—3, 6—0, 6—4, made him quite irresistible. Another player who has come on a lot, and is, perhaps, the most promising man in the States, is Karl H. Behr, for he is still quite young. He got as far as the final, defeating, amongst others, W. A. Larned (the ex-champion), R. D. Little, who played so well over here this summer, and I. C. Wright, the younger brother of the (now) ex-champion. Behr's match with Little in the semi-final lasted for more than three hours, and before the end of it Little was seized with cramp and could only shuffle about, while Behr, though likewise nearly dead to the world, just managed to raise a spurt in the fifth set sufficient to win the match. This gruelling, however, left nothing in him for the final, and Clothier "had him" all the time. I. C. Wright, who came over to England and played with W. C. Grant in several tournaments last year, also showed improved form, beating R. Le Roy (another of Grant's partners, by the way), and playing a close match with Behr. Altogether, it was a meeting full of incident, and one which will make us Britishers think a bit when the time for the International matches comes round again.

A Parting Glance at Eastbourne

The Eastbourne meeting was finished off on Wednesday last, having occupied altogether nine days. The weather was not quite as kind as it usually is, and there were lots of long matches, otherwise eight days would have sufficed. The ladies' matches were, on the whole, more interesting than the men's, for there were more ladies of the front row competing than there were men. It is by no means certain that Miss Douglass would have beaten Mrs. Sterry if it had not been for that shower which stopped the match at set-all, for Mrs. Sterry is a bad starter and a fine finisher, and she was going very strong when they stopped. When they began again Miss Douglass went right away. Miss Morton, profiting by a fortnight's rest after Folkestone, where she was obviously feeling the effects of too much play, also came out strong, and shares with Mrs. Sterry the honour of having gained a set from Miss Douglass. In the men's events *the* match of the tournament was the semi-final of the Doubles, in which Wilding and Marrett beat Hillyard and A. H. Riseley. Although it lasted for nearly three hours, and ran to sixty games, the play was brilliant all through, and there was nothing to choose between the two pairs except that the winners, on the whole, made more certain of the certainties. They met the Allens in the final, and won again, this time with the loss of only one set. In this match Marrett was the best of the four almost all through. A noticeable thing in the handicaps was the victory of the Sidcup pair, C. D. Beater and Miss Johnston in the Mixed Handicap. This is the third, if not the fourth, Mixed Handicap they have won this season—because they are a real pair and play regularly together. There is always a chance that the handicapper will forget (or even not know) this, and that is where these permanent partnerships score.

The end of the tennis season

The Hythe Tournament, which was recently brought to a successful termination on the lawns of the Hotel Imperial, is one of the last two grass meetings of the year. The above photo gives a good view of the courts, which, in the opinion of many, are not to be beaten anywhere

From the Cape: Mr. C. P. Roos, the Captain of the South African team, giving instructions whilst practising at Richmond

The question of the moment in football circles is, "Will the tour of the South Africans resemble that of the 'All-Blacks' last season?" Their first match will take place on Thursday at Northampton against an East Midlands team

The S.A. Rugby Team

The South African Rugby team, who landed in England last week, and have since been practising at the Richmond Athletic Ground, have got a bit of an ordeal in front of them, because people are bound to compare them with the all-conquering "All-Blacks," who were over here last season. In fact, the enterprising journalist has already begun to do so, and I shall not be surprised if the consciousness that they will be expected to emulate the doughty deeds of their predecessors proves somewhat detrimental to their play just at first. But we shall see; and, in the meantime, the most reckless prophets have not ventured to say more than they are likely to render a good account of themselves—and similar platitudes. That much, of course, we know, because we have the results of the tour of the English Rugby team in South Africa to go by, which shows that, in the land where our visitors come from, they are very far from being mugs at the game. Another thing that seems pretty certain is that they play English Rugby football, which the New Zealanders did not, and if they can beat us at that game it will be more to their credit than if they spring upon us any of the so-called "refinements" with which we were confronted this time last year, and to which most of us were too polite to take exception. Those of us who had the courage to protest (by means of the whistle, and otherwise) that this was not the game, as we understood it, were promptly howled down by the half-penny Press and the wags of the music-hall stage, who, knowing the intelligent British public, knew also well enough the side on which it would pay them best to shout. We shall have something to thank our visitors for if we are saved from anything of the kind this time. The South Africans open their campaign to-morrow (Thursday) at Northampton against an East Midlands team.

More Records

Last week there was quite a little epidemic of record-breaking. On Thursday, at the Lester Drive Baths, Liverpool, that marvellous young swimmer, David Billington, of Bacup, beat the record for 300 yards, made in 1901 by J. Nuttall, which stood at 3 min. 40 sec., by as much as 5 sec. He covered the first 100 in 1 min. 4 sec., the second 100 in 2 min. 19 sec., and the whole journey in 3 min. 35 sec. On Saturday, the dear old London to Brighton walk had another three minutes and some odd seconds lopped off its previous best. This stood to the credit of T. E. Hammond, who, in April, 1904, did 8 hrs. 26 min. $57^{2}/_{5}$ sec., and thereby beat J. Butler's 8 hrs. 45 min. 16 sec., done in March, 1903. Such a fine performance was that of Hammond that most people expected it to stand for some time. However, on Saturday, in an open walk held by the Polytechnic Harriers, Butler managed, in turn, to go one better than Hammond, and so regained his position as holder of the record. His time was 8 hrs. 23 min. 27 sec. Hammond was second, but failed to reproduce his 1904 form. Another record of a different kind is that of Dr. E. M. Grace, who last Wednesday brought his total of wickets taken during the season up to 350.

Woman in Sport

Of all the social revolutions of the last sixty years or so, the alteration which has taken place in the life of the average woman is, perhaps, the greatest.

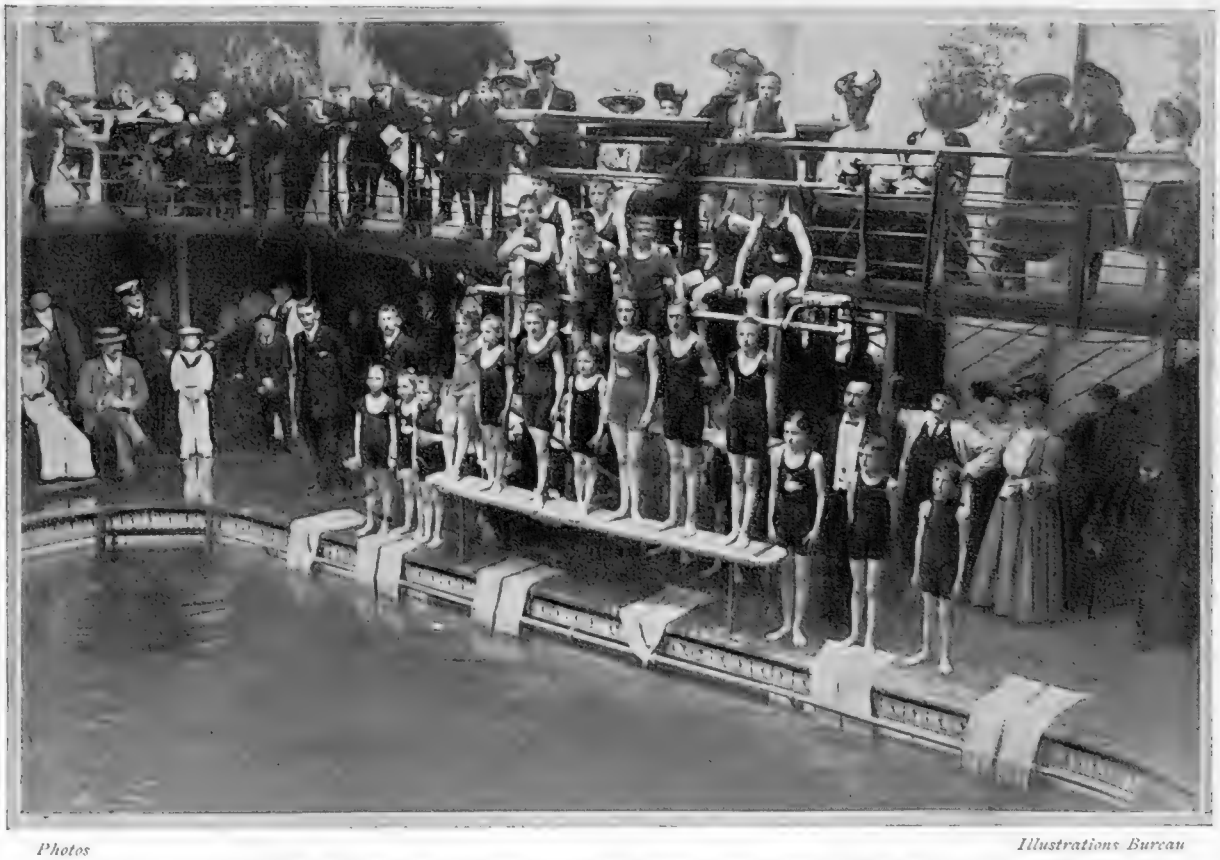
The languid, anæmic creature, who appears to have passed the day in reading mawkish novels and poetry of the affections, with intervals for the inhalation of hartshorn or burnt feathers, made a beginning with archery and croquet, and has been gradually transformed into a short-skirted, thick-booted, robust person, who considers herself quite the equal of man in all games and sports which do not require extreme physical strength. In the case of some games, such as croquet, she is right, and in a good many others her dress is, perhaps, the only cause of her inferiority; but, nevertheless, there are certain peculiarities in the female temperament which prevent women from attaining real excellence in the great majority of sports. First of all, they do not often really try to put themselves on an equal footing with the men with whom they are competing. It is only natural that a man, out of courtesy, should offer small advantages to a lady opponent, and refrain from fully availing himself of any mistakes she may make, but the latter can only accept the position, as she usually does, at the cost of acknowledging her inferiority. A good many women, indeed, regard this as their right, not noticing the admission involved, so that an unwritten code has come into existence of things one must not do when playing against a lady.

Worth £12 10s. an ounce!

"Queen of the Fancy," the property of Mrs. C. Firmstone, won the first prize in the "Property of a Lady Class" at the Wimbledon Dog Show. This little animal, who weighs about 2½ lb., is worth £500

Her Saving Grace

But they atone for these defects by their enthusiasm, and the woman who has overcome the initial difficulties of any game seems to be under a regular obsession. She lives for it all day, probably dreams of it all night, scrapes acquaintance with as many of the best players as she can, and pesters them for advice and instruction; and, finally, has only one subject of conversation for weeks or months together. Perhaps this last fact lies at the root of all this grumbling. Heaven knows there are enough male bores, but they can usually be crushed when patience is exhausted; but will any reader of THE BYSTANDER kindly say what is to be done to the lady who comes into a hotel smoking-room after dinner and talks golf till eleven o'clock, when everyone else wants to consume the *Times*, and a whisky and soda, and "so to bed"?



Photos *Illustrations Bureau*

A swimming competition between the boys and girls of the Swan Street Council School, Minories, held at the Aldgate Baths

Though a great many unnecessary subjects are included in the curriculum of the London Primary Schools, one thing no one can object to is instruction in swimming. It is now almost the exception to find one of the younger children who cannot swim, and every encouragement is given to attract them to this most healthy form of recreation

Lady Flo on Circuit

(Paragraphs extracted from Her Ladyship's Correspondence while on Country Visits)

By B. MACDONALD HASTINGS

V.—BURGLARS. *(Continued)*

(Summary of No. IV.: *The house-party sets out at 2 a.m. in pursuit of two burglars detected in climbing the water-pipe running between Lady Flo's and Mrs. Orison's rooms. They are tracked to the kitchen-garden, round which a cordon is set.*)

We soon learnt that one of the burglars had been seen, but that he had broken through the cordon and made good his escape in the blackness of the night. The Duchess told the story with plenty of vivid detail. The villain had dashed through while some of the girls were talking to Jack Bennett, and though Lady Fletchmere had, with most commendable promptitude, discharged two candlesticks, they unfortunately travelled in the wrong direction, and broke one of Lord De Cadeth's last two teeth. The Duchess also frankly admitted that her attempt to boomerang the miscreant with a stair-rod had been a complete failure, and would probably deprive Mrs. Chutney of the pleasure of eating solids for at least a fortnight.

At length it was decided to send the wounded, consisting of Mrs. Chutney, Mrs. Bobby, and Lord De Cadeth, home, under the escort of Bobby, who had been yawning most vulgarly for some time past. We bade them all a touching farewell, and after a last protest from Mr. Cumberland against the ladies coming, we moved off to the scene of action, the Duchess leading, with her parasol at the ready.

I was getting terribly tired then, and my poor bare feet had been scratched sadly while in the field. I lent on Mr. Cumberland's arm, and told him of my woes, but he wasn't at all sympathetic.

Lady Fletchmere had found a little piece of candle in one of her candlesticks, and with the light from this, and a number of wax vestas, we finally lined out to beat the field. All went well for a few yards, nothing disturbing the stillness of the night save the striking of matches. Suddenly, a faint scream went up from the far left. Lady Fletchmere's candlestick was seen to topple to the ground, and before one could open one's mouth, *she disappeared into the bosom of the earth!*

I had never heard Mr. Cumberland swear before. It was quite a pleasant experience. You can't imagine, dear, with what well-bred emphasis he says "Damn." We ran together after the others towards the scene of poor little Polly's disappearance, and were suddenly pulled up by a voice that seemed literally to proceed from the soil.

"Help me out, girls," it wailed. "I've had enough burgling for one night." I could have sworn it was a man's voice, it was so hoarse and gloomy, but imagine our hysterical astonishment when we found ourselves on the brink of a huge barrel, neatly let into the ground, with no other than my Lady Angy sitting at the bottom of it. Luckily, the barrel, usually half-full of tar, into which the gardeners dip their stakes before putting them in the ground, was empty, and Angy got out only a few bruises to the bad. But poor Lady Fletchmere, who had slipped into a precisely similar trap farther on, had sunk over her knees in tar.

We gradually extracted from Angy, whom it was truly amazing we had not missed before, the story of her insane escapade. It seems that she and "Sniggers" Lomax, who was the other "burglar," had, partly for the sake of a new excitement, and partly to revenge themselves on Mrs. Orison, who had been spreading some malicious gossip concerning their mutual extravagances, conceived the idea of raiding the latter lady's bedroom for the purpose of burglaring her artificial teeth! They reckoned that if their enterprise succeeded, poor Emily would most certainly be confined to her room for some days, and the gaiety of the party thereby appreciably increased.

The Tower of the Wind at Athens

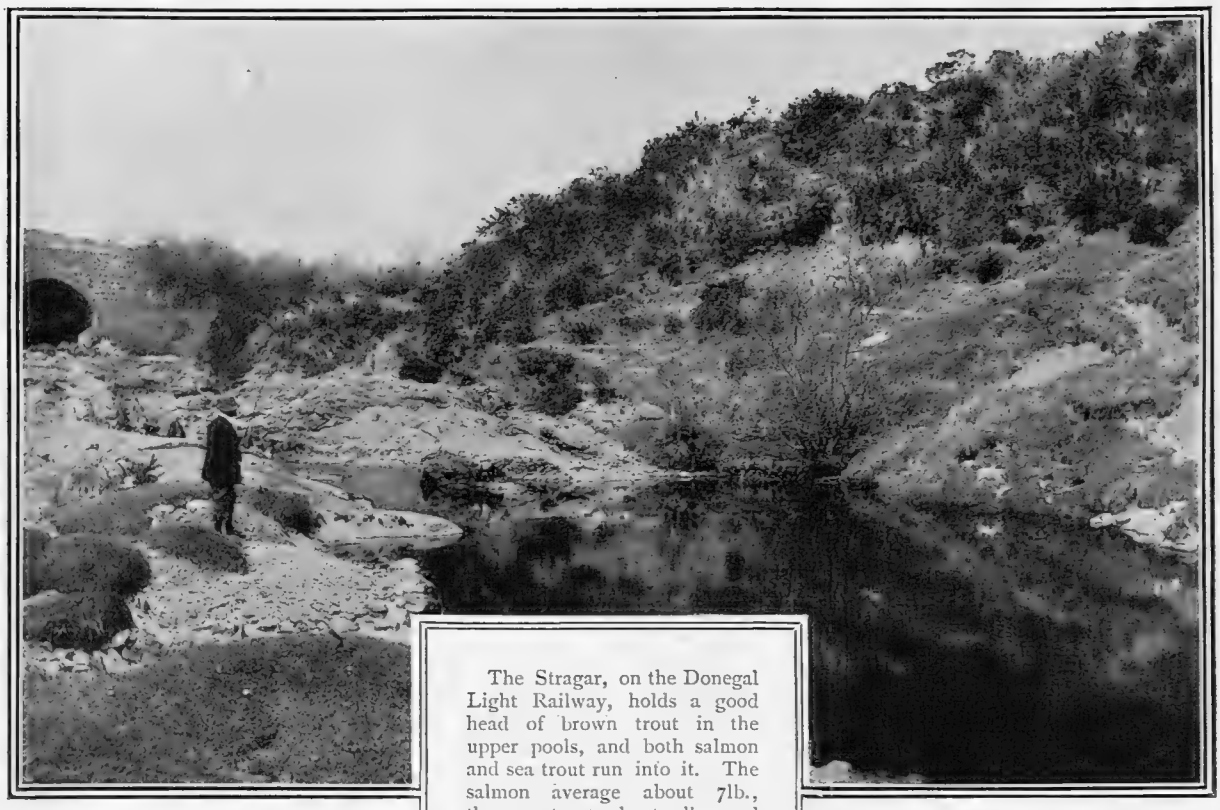
The autumn cruise of the steam yacht *Vectis*, which starts from Marseilles on October 4, is to Greece, including a day or two in Athens, and Asia Minor

An Autumn Cruise

The pleasure cruises of the P. and O. steam yacht *Vectis* are well known to our readers and need no introduction. The chief autumn cruise starts from Marseilles on October 4, and the itinerary includes visits to Sicily, Corfu, Smyrna, Constantinople, and three or four interesting points in Greece, whence Athens, Acrocorinth, Mycenæ, etc., may be visited. The fares for this thirty days' trip are from thirty guineas, and applications for fuller particulars should be made immediately, either to the P. and O. offices in Northumberland Avenue or 122, Leadenhall Street. The programme of the *Vectis* Spring tours includes trips to the Western Mediterranean; the Holy Land and Egypt; Greece and Constantinople; Corfu, Venice, and Sicily; and Algiers, Spain, and Lisbon.

On the Stragar River

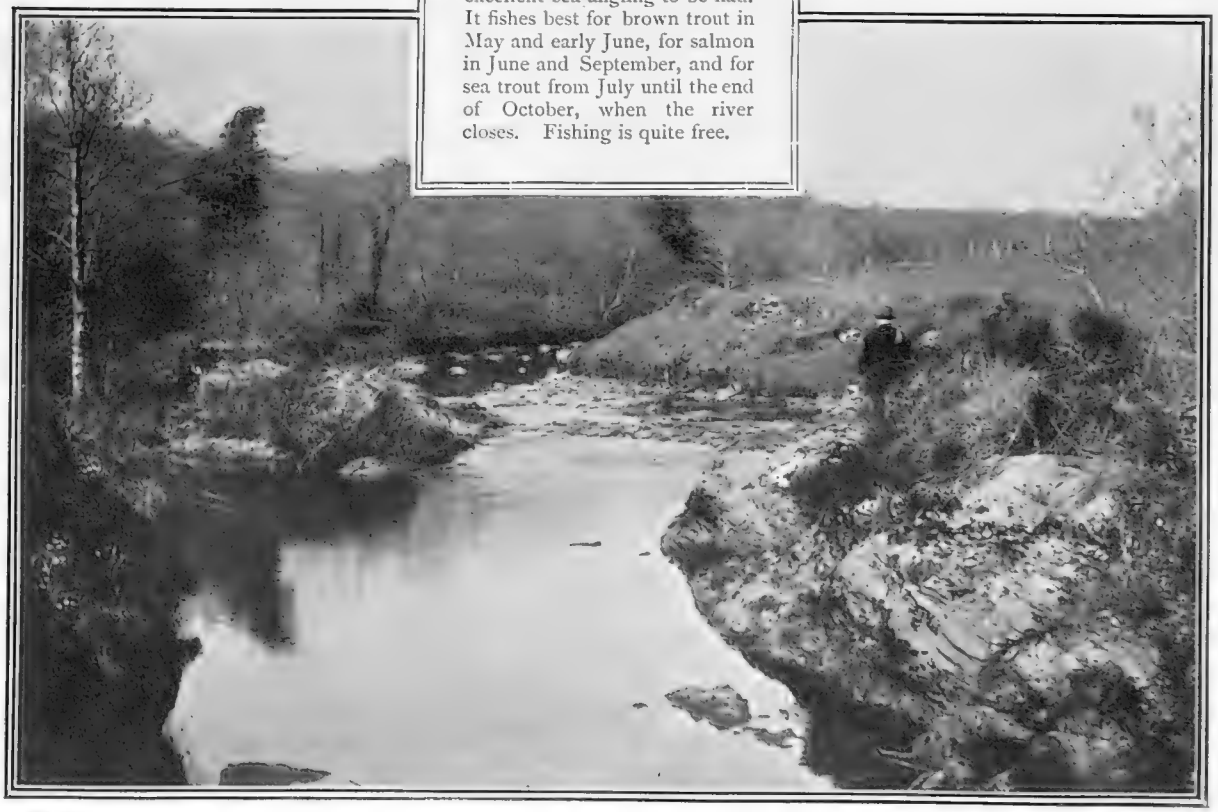
A DONEGAL TROUT STREAM BELOVED BY FISHERMEN



(1) A pool on the upper waters of the Stragar, where brown trout are plentiful and easily fished. A good many pools and cascades add greatly to the charm of the stream and scenery

The Stragar, on the Donegal Light Railway, holds a good head of brown trout in the upper pools, and both salmon and sea trout run into it. The salmon average about 7lb., the sea trout about 1lb., and the brown trout about three to the pound, with an occasional pounder, or even bigger fish. Some of the pools, cascades, etc., on this river are very pretty. It flows into Killybegs Harbour, where there is splendid sailing water for small craft and excellent sea-angling to be had. It fishes best for brown trout in May and early June, for salmon in June and September, and for sea trout from July until the end of October, when the river closes. Fishing is quite free.

(2) A typical pool on the lower portion of the river before it runs into Killybegs Harbour. Salmon and sea trout can be fished here from July till the end of October



Photos *Shrubsole*

Automobile Topics.

Edited by DOUGLAS MILLER

Pleasant Touring Grounds.—I. Wales

In THE BYSTANDER of September 5 reference was made to the advantages which North Wales presents to the motorist on touring bent. There are, of course, many other beauty spots throughout the country which are almost equally eligible, and I hope from time to time to recount some personal experiences gained therein for the benefit of readers who may be on the look out for tracts of country which combine the charms of beautiful and diversified scenery with reasonable facilities for their proper appreciation. Meantime, an esteemed correspondent writes to say that he contemplates a short tour in Wales on a new 24 h.-p. Panhard in the first week in October, and asks for some suggestions as to routes, distances, and resting places. My correspondent is motoring from Ayrshire, and proposes to begin his acquaintance with the Principality from Chester, his ultimate objective being Hereford. From the ancient walled city there are several ways of entering Wales. One may follow the estuary of the Dee through Hawarden, Holywell, Rhuddlan, and Conway, to Bangor, from which cheery little town, if a fine open road on which to indulge in a modest sprint be the desideratum, one may cross the Menai Bridge and pursue the wonderfully straight and open road to Holyhead. I traversed the twenty-four miles that lie between Bangor and Holyhead on the six-cylinder Napier racing car which afterwards secured the world's record for speed at Ormond Beach some two years ago, and still have vivid memories of the delights of the trip. We were on the way to Ireland for the Portmarnock Races, and as the time was soon after daybreak on a beautiful summer Sunday, we allowed the car to slip along without undue qualms of conscience. For miles the road runs straight as a die, with gentle undulations scarcely perceptible on a high-powered car, and although the romantic grandeur of the scenery of the Snowdon range lay behind us, we found compensation in the invigorating sea breezes which sweep across the somewhat uninteresting island of Anglesey. The main Holyhead road, built by the Romans, reminds one forcibly of the military roads in France, which radiate from Fontainbleu with a directness that speaks volumes for the summary methods of the Great Napoleon. The distance from Chester to Holyhead is eighty-five miles by the coast road, with no particularly stiff gradients. At the Station Hotel there is an excellent garage, while the repair depôt of Mr. John Wild may be relied upon in case of emergency.

* * *

By Llangollen and Bettws

Striking almost due South from Chester, an excellent road leads through Rosset and Wrexham to

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

Motors at the Manœuvres: General French and Lord Esher making a tour of inspection on a 24 h.-p. Wolseley car

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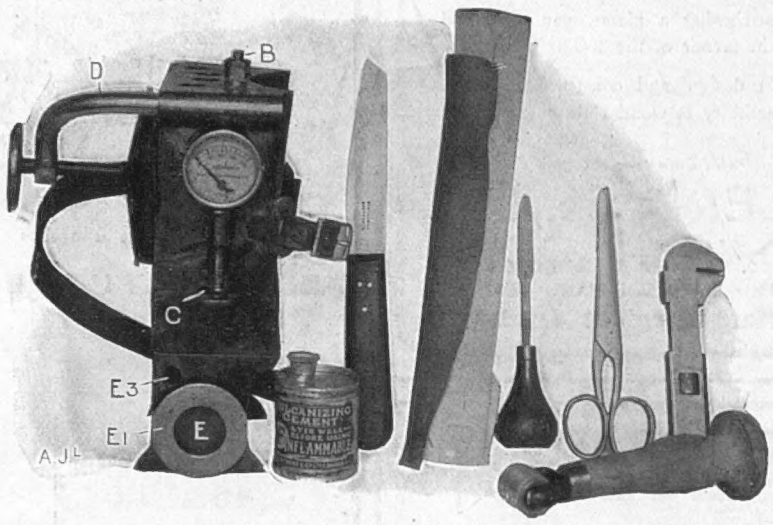
(BYSTANDER, 26/9/06.)

Ruabon, where a sharp turn to the right takes one on to the London-Holyhead road at Llangollen, from which pleasantly situated town the route lies through some of the loveliest scenery in North Wales. Corwen and Pentre Voelas being passed, one glides gently down a winding road through the upper arm of the Conway valley to Bettws-y-Coed, passing the celebrated Conway Falls on the left. At Bettws, the Royal Oak Hotel, which is the headquarters of the Automobile and Road Clubs, will be found one of the best appointed in Wales, and full of interesting mementos of famous artists and *littérateurs* who have sojourned there. A five or six miles run past the Swallow Waterfalls brings the traveller to Capel Curig, where, turning sharp to the left, and leaving the Holyhead road, one climbs the Pass of Llanberis to the foot of Snowdon, and so on to Carnarvon, distant about eighteen miles from Capel Curig. Good accommodation is to be had at the Royal and Sportsman hotels, both of which have well-appointed garages. From Carnarvon one may explore the country sacred to the memory of the great Llewellyn, and passing through Beddgelert and Penrhyn-Deudraeth profitably make a short detour and visit Blaenau-Festiniog and Dolly ddelan, or, continuing Southward from Penrhyn, pass through Harlech to Barmouth, and then, turning due East, go by way of Dolgelley, Dinas, Mawddwy, and Llanfair to Welshpool, from whence a straight and excellent road cuts across country to Shrewsbury. At Shrewsbury, just after crossing the English Bridge, a turn to the right leads through Church Stretton, Ludlow, and Leominster, to Hereford, just fifty-two and a half miles from the border city. Generally speaking, it will be found that the Welsh roads are remarkably good, while police and populace regard the well-conducted automobilist as a distinct acquisition to the country. One little hint may be added. In case of inability to pronounce properly the names of the various places one desires to visit, it is well to carry a small scribbling block, or note-book, in which they may be written, when the intelligent native will promptly put the inquirer in the way he should go.

* * *

Roadside Repairs

Every invention which tends to reduction of tyre bills deserves honourable mention among motorists, and I am pleased, therefore, to commend the H. F. Portable Vulcaniser, which emanates from Messrs. Harvey, Frost and Co. The apparatus is compact, weighs only some 7lb., can be operated by the veriest tyro, and unquestionably proves remarkably effective in repairing outer covers and inner tubes alike. A small lamp, burning methylated spirit, raises steam in the boiler to a pressure of 50lb. to the square inch while the stranded motorist is scraping the edges of the cut cover and filling the orifice with the specially prepared composition supplied with the outfit. The vulcaniser is then strapped to the tyre, and in some twenty minutes the repair is completed. By an ingenious arrangement, the vulcaniser can, if necessary, be applied to cover and tube simultaneously, and it is no exaggeration to say that the welded material, after the repair has been effected, is as tough and durable as the surrounding fabric with which it has been incorporated.



Roadside repairs

H. F. Vulcanising Outfit, described on this page

(By permission of "The Automotor Journal")

* * *

"Graphic" and Tourist Trophies

Scarcely second in interest to the Tourist Trophy Race, on Thursday, will be the competition for the *Graphic* Trophy, to be decided over a five miles' course in the Isle of Man, on September 28. There are eleven entrants, whose cars range from 18 to 60 h.-p. As promised in THE BYSTANDER of last week, I append a list: 1. Mr. T. C. Pullinger, 60 h.-p. Beeston - Humber; 2. Mr. Percival L. D. Perry, 18 h.-p. S.C.A.R.; 3. Mr. J. Ernest Hutton, 40 h.-p. Berliet; 4. Mr. George S. Barwick, 30-40 h.-p. Daimler; 5. Mr. W. Watson, 24-40 h.-p. Berliet; 6. Mr. F. W. Baily, 50 h.-p. Napier; 7. Mr. H. O. Hall, 28-35 h.-p. Isotta-Fraschini; 8. Mr. J. E. Hutton, 50 h.-p. Ariel-Simplex; 9. Mr. H. P. MacConnell, 20 h.-p. Rapid; 10. Mr. Percival Perry, 30-35 h.-p. Sore; 11. Mr. Albert Farnell, 30 h.-p. Daimler. The conditions restrict the field to cars costing less than £1,000, and all must be genuine touring vehicles.

* * *

Miscellanea

For the Tourist Trophy and *Graphic* competitions the leading tyre companies have made great preparations. Mr. Baisley, of the Dunlop Company, and Mr. Paul Brodtmann, of the Continental Tyre Company, have sent over small armies of fitters and spares.—Mr. W. Parker Thomas, of Cardiff, will drive one of the two Argyll cars entered for the "T. T." race.—It should have been stated in connection with the illustration of Mr. Beerbohm Tree's automobile *de luxe*, illustrated in last week's BYSTANDER, that the carriage-work was constructed specially by Messrs. Sayers and Co., of Vauxhall.

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H.R.H. the
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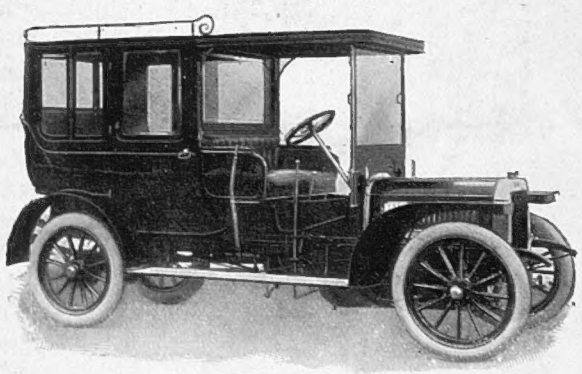

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FROCKS, FRILLS, AND FURBELOWS

By MRS. JACK MAY

A Visit to the Workhouse

I have been in the Workhouse—a small personal experience that has served to throw up, in quite a fresh light, several interesting Social problems that have long troubled me. Apart from the traditional stigma attached to the "House," there is everything, it seems to me, to commend it to the working classes. Now, the St. Pancras Workhouse, my particular fancy, one might have supposed would be in the enviable position of being able to reveal sordidness, whereas, on the contrary, one leaves sordidness outside the gate, to step right into a fresh, airy, spacious enclosure, that is clean literally to spotlessness. Where are our servants gone to? "*Cherchez le depôt de méndicité.*"

Young improvident marriages have surely helped to people, to an appreciable degree, these tax-supported palaces. In answer to my inquiry in the laundry, kitchen, etc., as to how such and such a well-set-up, young, respectable girl had got in, the answer was invariably, "Oh, she is probably married, and her husband is out of work." While we are racking our brains and every resource to get servants, here in our workhouses are strong, able-bodied, middle-aged women, with apparently every attribute that goes to the making of a good domestic, unnecessarily cleaning floors twice a day to keep them occupied. Their crisp print dresses and white goffered caps represent a uniform, that we, of the outside domestic ruling world, would only too gladly have our maids emulate, added to which, every known modern appliance, in the shape of laundry and kitchen labour-saving machinery, is there in abundance. *How rich the poor are* has been proved to me in verity and fact.

And all this is said, believe me, in a true understanding of the necessity of the workhouse refuge for those whom age or health has laid low. But for the others it is surely, in a large number of instances, simply an unearned luxury. Now, having shuffled this small plaint comfortably off my shoulders, I will tell you a story of some blouses at

An original design

A black and white scheme carried out in striped silk with draped corsage, with sleeves and vest of *plissé* blonde lace and chiffon

(*Drawn by K. Pleydel Young*)

Messrs. John Barker's, Kensington

We have all come to expect great things in this department, but it is not too much to say that the very highest expectations are about to be fulfilled. The truth of the matter is, the past year has seen a rise of unprecedented magnitude in connection with the blouse effort here. There has never been anything to equal the name acquired for the production of the best at moderate prices; an